

MASTER

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HAWK - 'THE SLAYER'

by

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and

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"HAWK - THE SLAYER"

Scrip revisions - 24 March 1980

page 28	scene 74	HAWK's first speech: DELETE "Not so ! You must rid yourself of that belief."
30	79	HAWK's speech: DELETE "but the mindsword shall light our way."
31	84	HAWK's speech now reads: "Krites ! Flesh eaters. Come, old warrior - "
40	99	HAWK's last speech now reads: (he twists the sword slightly in Fitzwalter's neck) "Continue !"
41	99	CROW's last speech: SUBSTITUTE, "I am ready." for "So be it."
47	107	HAWK's speech now reads: "Mmm - I have reason for doubt."
48	109	HAWK's speech: DELETE "at first light".
67	133	Final description now reads: <u>RANULF</u> joins <u>BALDIN</u> and the dwarf offers him a 'sweetmeat' from his pouch but <u>RANULF</u> demurs quickly.
69	140	HAWK's second speech now reads: "Sister Monica, they shall have it if the Abbess is returned safely. Go to your cells and stay there."
"	"	HAWK's final speech now reads: "The gold will be given when the Abbess is released. Tell Voltan it is here waiting."
73	154	HAWK's speech now reads: "Voltan will be here soon. The gold is here. I am here."

page 74	scene	161	DELETE HAWK's speech. REPLACE with SISTER MONICA saying, "I will go."
77		167	HAWK's first speech now reads: "We are few and Voltan has too many men."
"		"	HAWK's second speech: DELETE word "wasps".
80		184	HAWK's speech now reads: "Baldin, make sure all doors are barred."
81		184	HAWK's first speech now reads: "No - your people will never be forgotten, nor will Gort's or Baldin's. They were here long before the race of men came and brought their wars and disease amongst you."

rev. 22 March 80

*Put pages
in script*

1 EXT. FOREST - NIGHT 1

CAMERA TRACKS with shadowy figure as his horse treads softly through the silent forest.

2 ANGLE CLOSE 2

The horse is pulled to a halt.

CUT TO

3 EXT. STRONGHOLD (STOCK) 3

Towering battlements loom in the darkness.

CUT TO

4 EXT. FOREST - NIGHT 4

The Rider dismounts. A great two-handed sword is pulled from its sheath. CAMERA MOVES CLOSE onto the ornate hilt.

4A INT. CHAMBER OF GOLD (STONE CHAMBER) - NIGHT 4A

CAMERA PANS round the beaten gold panelling on the walls to a well where an OLD MAN waits. His eyes are haunted, his face gaunt as he stares intently at a rough, oak door.

4B INT. SECRET TUNNEL - NIGHT 4B

A GUARD shivers a little in the cold dampness and tries to get warmth back into his body. As he turns away, a hand clamps over his mouth. His eyes distend and he sinks down dead past a dangling sword to fall by the black boots of Voltan. They step over the body.

Voltan moves through the tunnel towards the door which he opens slowly.

Continue with
Scene 5

5 Continued

5

VOLTAN

Then let the secret die now.

There is a quick movement of VOLTAN's sword arm, which makes the OLD MAN's face grimace in pain.

OLD MAN

Voltan, I curse you this day to die a thousand deaths, and for your soul never to find peace.

HAWK (O.S.)

Voltan! Voltan! Father!

VOLTAN

Too late, little brother.

He retracts his sword blade and is gone in the blackness of some secret recess just as the doors burst open and a blood-stained HAWK rushes in and stops.

6 HAWK'S P.O.V.

6

The OLD MAN lies up against a pallet, his hand clutching a bloody wound.

7 ANGLE CLOSE

7

HAWK rushes to him and cradles him gently.

OLD MAN

(weakly)

The prophecy is fulfilled. The evil I spawned will now pollute the land.

HAWK

I swear you will be avenged! -

The OLD MAN clutches HAWK's arm.

OLD MAN

I have much to tell you and so little time, my son ...

For a moment he fails.

... Take the pouch from my neck..

HAWK gently unloops a small leather pouch from around OLD MAN's neck.

7 Continued

7

OLD MAN

The great sword. Place it between us.

His head jerks painfully in the direction of the far wall, on which a massive double-handed sword is pinned.

HAWK quivers the great sword into the floor.

8 ANGLE CLOSE

8

The butt of the sword is a brass clenched fist.

9 ANGLE WIDE

9

HAWK stands before his father.

OLD MAN

Empty the pouch into your hand ...

10 ANGLE CLOSE

10

HAWK empties a smooth, egg-sized stone, the colour of jade, into his palm.

OLD MAN

Look into the heart of the stone.
Quickly. The coldness of death
is in my limbs ...

11 ANGLE CLOSE

11

The strange stone slowly starts to glow: Brighter and brighter until the whole room is bathed with a pulsing greenness. The OLD MAN's face is a mask of death in the unearthly glow.

Then, as if by its own internal power, the orb-stone inches up from HAWK's hand and slowly glides to hang above the clenched, metallised fist of the sword pommel. Stiffly and jerkily, the clenched fist slowly unfolds until the hand is magically open. Descending, the green stone drifts down into the brass palm where, finally, the hand closes, imprisoning the stone whose light wanes to nothing.

OLD MAN

The last elfin mind stone.
Think of the great sword in your
hand and it will be so. The mind
sword is now yours, my son ...

Continued

Feb. 18 Feb. 20

11 Continued

11

A trickle of blood escapes from the corner of his dry lips.

OLD MAN
(continues, his voice
losing power)
The ancient power ...

His voice dies away.

The OLD MAN's head slumps and HAWK gathers the now dead body of his father to him, then finally lays him down on the pallet. HAWK stares at the great sword in the floor.

12 ANGLE CLOSE

12

HAWK's eyes as he concentrates.

QUICK CUT

13 ANGLE CLOSE

13

The stone throbs with light in response.

QUICK CUT

14 ANGLE WIDE

14

The sword is in HAWK's hands. He raises it aloft.

HAWK
Voltan, I swear you will die by
this sword !

He plunges the sword back onto the floor.

CAMERA ZOOMS SLOWLY INTO the swirling light of the mindstone until the greenness fills the entire screen.

CREDITS OVER

15 EXT. FOREST - DAY

15

CAMERA TRACKS with heavily shod boots as they stumble through the smoke-filled forest. O.S. the sound of screams, mingle with the clamour of battle, pierce the early morning air.

16 EXT. SMALL CLEARING - DAY

16

The wearer of the boots stumbles and falls, lying panting on the ground, his face and body covered in burnt ash; he holds a bloody bundle of rag wrapped around his left hand. For a moment he rests, then shakily stands and moves off into the forest.

DISSOLVE

17 EXT. CHURCH - NIGHT

17

The man wills himself forward to the massive doors of the church. With his good right arm, he pounds at the door, then collapses. For a moment all is still, then the doors slowly open. TWO NUNS, dressed in rough homespun, bend and help the injured man in.

18 INT. CHURCH - NIGHT

18

The ABBESS, a kindly faced old lady, motions the TWO NUNS to lay the wounded man on a long table. They do so. The ABBESS bends to look at the hand. She turns to another NUN standing by.

ABBESS

Sister Monica, help me remove these rags.

SISTER MONICA steps forward and helps the ABBESS unravel the rags. It takes a few moments to peel off the blood-soaked layers.

SISTER MONICA

(swaying back at the sight)

God in Heaven! His hand!
Where are the fingers!?

ABBESS

(matter of factly)

Left on some battlefield with the rest of the hand. With the help of God and a sharp knife, we may yet save the rest of the arm from infection. Now do pull yourself together.

Continue

18 Continued

18

She unwraps several instruments from a cotton cloth.

DISSOLVE

19 INT. CELL - DAY

19

The man sleeps easily. The end of his left arm is swathed in clean bandages. The door to the cell opens. The ABBESS carrying a bowl of broth enters. She sits by the man's bed.

ABBESS

Come, Master Ranulf, it is time for you to eat.

RANULF wakes and sits up. The ABBESS feeds him. In between spoonfuls, he speaks:

RANULF

Where am I?

ABBESS

You are under the protection of Caddonbury - with the sisterhood of the Holy Word.

RANULF

How do you know my name?

ABBESS

You were delirious for a long time and you spoke of many things. Some we couldn't understand. Others so terrible, they passed our understanding.

RANULF lifts up his injured arm and looks at it.

ABBESS

I could not save the hand, but the arm has healed. What happened, my son?

RANULF

My village to the south was attacked during the night by raiders led by the devil himself. When they found out we had barely enough corn to feed chickens, they became insane. That devil and his spawn burned our homes to the ground and as the men, women and children tried to escape from

Continued

revised 24 March 80

19 Continued

19

RANULF
(continued)
the flames, they hacked them
to pieces, laughing as they
did so. God, how they laughed !
I was the only one to escape,
God forgive me !

ABBESS
What sort of man would kill
innocents ...

RANULF
I heard them call his name. Voltan !
It is stamped on my brain like the
cries of those children. Voltan !
The Dark One !

CUT TO

19A EXT. SKY - NIGHT

19A

Lightning crackles in the sky and framed against it
is a C.U. of Voltan, cloak streaming in the wind,
arms outstretched, a sword in one hand.

VOLTAN
(shouting above the
elements)
Wizard ! Help me, wizard.
Remember our bargain. You
promised me all in return for
my swordarm.

He pauses, slightly swaying as if a sudden pain
has assailed him. He clutches at his mashed face
with his free hand.

VOLTAN
(continues)
Surely your power can cure this
torment.

The last word is pulled out long as he sinks down
on his knees.

A sparkle of fine mist enshrouds him and he is
smothered by dancing motes of phosphorescence.
There is a flash of energy and Voltan disappears.

CUT TO

RANULF (Cont)
the flames, they hacked them
to pieces, laughing as they did
so. God, how they laughed!
I was the only one to escape,
God forgive me!

ABBESS
What sort of man would kill
innocents ...

RANULF
I heard them call his name, Voltan!
It is stamped on my brain like the
cries of those children. Voltan!
The Dark One!

CUT TO

20 INT. BUBBLE - NIGHT

20

The cloaked figure of a MAN kneels before a creature of
tall, spidery build, his face hidden in a cowl of
the darkest purple - a BLACK WIZARD. A claw-like hand
moves from the fold of the cloak.

21 ANGLE CLOSE

21

on the back of the kneeling MAN's head as the hand, holding
a dark crystal, stops in front of the hidden face. An
immense flash of energy pours from the crystal and the MAN
screams in pain and falls to the floor, where he lies
writhing.

50 WIZARD
Your broken face will not pain
you for a while, but you will need
the use of the crystal again ...

The MAN lifts a leather mask from the floor and straps it
to his face. Then he stands facing the WIZARD.

WIZARD
The land is almost ours. But
there is one who stands between
us and the final victory.

The WIZARD pauses in thought.

WIZARD
(continues)
You will prepare the way for his
death ...

Continued

21 Continued

The KAN leaves. CAMERA MOVES IN TO the face of the WIZARD which can now be seen. The skin is green and reptilian, the eyes, glowing orbs, the colour of the sun.

22 EXT. CHURCH - NIGHT

CLOSE SHOT of razor-sharp sword leaving a leather scabbard. The sound is cold and full of death. Soft-footed MEN move through dense mist towards the dimly-lit church. They appear only as shadows and are indiscernible.

23 INT. CHURCH - NIGHT

Light creeps downward from a dozen candles suspended from an oak beam in the centre of the church. The nuns are kneeling in prayer. The ABBESS reads aloud from a huge parchment book resting on a lectern:

ABBESS

... and though we are beset by many terrors, we pray for the deliverance of the land; free from the dangers of greed and the manifold cruelties of dark hate. We pray for compassion and caring; for the love that is freely given and joyfully received. Blessed is the Word and doubly blessed are the true servants of the Word ...

24 ANGLE WIDE

Two massive unbarred wooden doors explode open. In the opening stands a giant of a man. The lower part of his face is covered from the mouth down by a steel mask. All we can see of him is a nose and his glittering death-filled eyes. Wisps of mist curl around his long black robe. It dissipates as he moves forward into the church.

25 ANGLE CLOSE

The ABBESS looks evenly at the men.

ABBESS

This is a house of God. Your weapons have no place here.

The praying NUNS have moved towards the ABBESS for protection.

26 ANGLE CLOSE

The KAN wearing the death mask speaks with the whispering sussurations of a snake.

VOLTAN

I am told, woman, that your church holds you in high esteem.

Continued

ABBESS

I am but a humble servant of
God like my sisters here beside
me. We are here solely to help
those who most need our help.

A tall dark youth standing next to VOLTAN speaks.

DROGO

We would like you to give us
your help, old woman.

VOLTAN

My son, Drogo, speaks true.

The ABBESS steps forward. SISTER MONICA assists her for she
is old and finds it difficult to walk.

ABBESS

How can I help you? What do you
want?

VOLTAN

I, Voltan, want you, old woman.

At the sound of the name, several of the nuns back further
away in fear.

ABBESS

I know your name. Killer of women
and children, you are a servant
of evil, but in this church we have
no fear of you.

VOLTAN

I am pleased that you know of me.
It will make my task that much easier.

VOLTAN turns to DROGO and CHAK, his trusted second lieutenant.

VOLTAN

(hard)
Seize her!!

DROGO steps forward. A blow from the back of his hand sends
SISTER MONICA flying into the lectern, sending it crashing to
the floor. DROGO and CHAK drag the ABBESS towards the doors.

As it swings open, RANULF, a cocked crossbow resting on his
left arm levels it at DROGO.

Continued

27 Continued

27

RANULF

(hard)

Let her go!!

For a moment, all is still. Then a movement too fast to be seen appears to emanate from VOLTAN.

28 ANGLE CLOSE

28

A sickening thud corresponds with a wicked looking dagger plunging into RANULF's shoulder. The crossbow drops from his paralysed hand. He staggers and falls. VOLTAN looks towards the nuns as they make a move to assist the fallen man.

VOLTAN

Leave him! He will live to serve my purpose.

The nuns freeze.

SISTER MONICA

(shakily)

Our Lady is needed here. Why do you take her from us?

VOLTAN

For the gold that lies in the fat coffers of your Holy Fortress. Go tell them that two thousand pieces of gold will buy her freedom. I shall return when next the moon is full. The gold had best be here.

He takes his sword from its sheath, then turns to the ABBESS and places the steel tip under her chin.

VOLTAN

If not ...

In a blast of movement, he smashes the religious objects from the altar table. The raiders, dragging the ABBESS, leave the terrified nuns.

29 ANGLE CLOSE

29

RANULF, the dagger still embedded in his shoulder, tries to stand. SISTER MONICA hurries to his aid. The dagger is removed from the wound and is dressed by SISTER MONICA. After a moment, the flow of blood is staunched.

Continued

29 Continued

29

SISTER MONICA

You are a warrior. What are we
to do?

RANULF

(weakly)

Pay the ransom!

SISTER MONICA

No, it is not possible. The church
has decreed that no ransom will
ever be paid for any of its order.
What happens is the will of God.

RANULF

Will of God!! I know this man!
I have seen what he can do.
He will take great pleasure in
your Lady's death!!

SISTER MONICA

(holding her clenched
hands to her mouth)

God help me! I know not what to do.

RANULF

You saved my arm and skull face
must pay for the death of my
village ... Somehow I will get help!!

SISTER MONICA

(making a decision)

Then you must go to the Holy
Fortress at Danesford and speak
to the High Abbott himself. Ask
him what we must do!

CUT TO

30 EXT. BROKEN LANDS - DAY

30

RANULF spurring his horse across the smoke-filled wasted
lands.

CUT TO

31 EXT. FORTRESS (MATTE SHOT) - DAY

31

RANULF, exhausted, walks his tired horse towards the Fortress,
which stands gigantic in the barren land.

CUT TO

32 INT. HIGH ABBOT'S ROOM - DAY

32

The room is sparsely furnished. The HIGH ABBOT kneels in prayer before a simple wooden cross. From the fortress comes the sounds of monks chanting. This is a place of solitude, a small island of peace in a dark and inhospitable world. A gentle tap stops the ABBOT in his prayer. He stands.

HIGH ABBOT

Enter.

An ACOLYTE enters and closes the door behind him.

HIGH ABBOT

Yes, brother Peter?

BROTHER PETER

A warrior has come from our church in Caddonbury. He bears grave news.

HIGH ABBOT

(softly)

Feed him and let him rest, then bring him to me.

BROTHER PETER backs respectfully from the room, as the HIGH ABBOT bends in prayer.

33 EXT. FORTRESS - SUNSET

33

The sky has turned an unearthly red - the colour of blood - as the sun gives way to the dark.

34 INT. HIGH ABBOT'S ROOM - NIGHT

34

One small candle burns in the dark room. The door opens and BROTHER PETER enters with RANULF. The HIGH ABBOT sits on a rough wooden chair. He motions RANULF to sit. Then he dismisses BROTHER PETER.

HIGH ABBOT

I hope our meagre fare sufficed. Times are hard since the wars.

RANULF

The food was good and the rest much needed, Holy Father.

The HIGH ABBOT smiles.

Continued

HIGH ABBOT

You bear a message from our sisters at Caddonbury?

RANULF

I do. From Sister Moníca.. She needs your help and counsel. Five days ago, the church was defiled by a band of raiders! The same filth that attacked and burnt my own village. They are led by a skull-masked monster called Voltan ...

HIGH ABBOT

We have heard of this man ... Continue!

RANULF

He has taken the Lady Abbess hostage and will return her at the next full moon. The price to be paid is two thousand gold pieces or she will be killed!!

The HIGH ABBOT stands and rubs his hands against the cold seeping through the stone walls.

HIGH ABBOT

Since the war, the power of evil has spread like a pestilence across the land. We of the Order strive against it by making our Churches sanctuaries for the sick and poor. We have no defence to offer against those who would march against us; the looters and others of the Devil's cohorts. If we pay the ransom for just one of our order, then all of us will be at risk.

RANULF

This I understand. But the Lady Abbess is irreplaceable, surely?

HIGH ABBOT

That is true. Many believe that the good Lady has been touched by the hand of God. It was of her own choosing that she went from the safety of the fortress to tend to the people of Caddonbury.

Continued

34 Continued

34

RANULF

It would be one more victory to
the powers of darkness if she were
no longer among us!!

The HIGH ABBOT sits and thinks for several moments.

HIGH ABBOT

There is one who has helped us
before!! A warrior who has fought
on the side of light during these
dark years. If he can be found,
he may help us. News reached us
of his passing through the Northern
Districts several days ago.

The ABBOT takes a small wooden cross from the table.

HIGH ABBOT

If you find him, give him this.
(he hands Ranulf
the cross)

He will know that I need his help.

RANULF tucks the small cross into his belt pouch.

RANULF

By what name is this warrior
called?

HIGH ABBOT

He is called Hawk.

FLASH CUT TO

35 THE SKY

35

A clear blue sky; high in the air, a sleek feathered bird
of prey hovers. For a moment, it hangs then, with a heart
throbbing scream which echoes away into the distance, it
plummets out of shot.

CUT TO

36 EXT. FOREST - DAWN

36

A long avenue of trees, a strange unreal silence lies over
the forest. Nothing moves or breathes. Suddenly the air
is filled with a ghostly flapping of wings, coupled with
the same terrifying scream.

Continued

36 Continued

36

Where there was nothing, a MAN on a night-coloured horse rides towards us. The early morning sun burns the soft dew into mist which rises before the rider, making it difficult to pick out his features. Slowly the MAN moves closer and closer to CAMERA until we can see him fully; long hair surrounds a handsome stone-chiselled face. A shirt of mail is the only armour he wears - slung across his back the giant two-handed mind-sword. A woman's scream brings the horse and rider to a halt.

CUT TO

37 EXT. CLEARING - DAY

37

Several men have tied a bent, hooded figure to a stake with brushwood piled against it. On the ground before her rests a long, iron staff.

The leader of the men, a huge brute with a scar running the length of his face, torments the OLD WOMAN by poking and prodding her with a burning torch. She screams each time he touches her. The two other men laugh heartily as the big man continues his play.

A shrill bird scream stops her-tormentor. He turns to face the sound of a voice.

HAWK

Why do you treat the old woman this way?

SCAR

If it's any business of yours, she is a witch, and was caught practising her foul arts on one of my fine hogs.

HAWK looks at the miserable figure on the stake. Her face is covered by her hood so we cannot see it.

HAWK

Does he speak the truth. old woman?

OLD WOMAN

(weakly)

I sought only to cure the animal of its ills.

SCAR

She lies. The pig died an hour after she touched it with that devil stick.

He points to the staff. The OLD WOMAN screams.

Continued

37 Continued

37

OLD WOMAN

Had you let me tend it, the
creature would have lived.

SCAR

Enough of your foul chatter.
This will put an end to it.

He bends to thrust the torch into the wood. HAWK's voice
stops him once more.

HAWK

(hard)

You die if the flame touches
the wood!

SCAR backs away from the fire. The two other men slip
arrows from their quivers and notch them. HAWK takes note
of the movement.

SCAR

(smiling)

Well, old witch! It seems you
will have company when you burn.

(he turns, full of
confidence, to the
bowmen)

Kill him.

Both men draw and aim. HAWK doesn't move. The men fire.
In a movement too quick to be seen, the two-handed broad-
sword is out, and blocks both speeding arrows. The bowmen
look at each other then turn and run into the forest.

SCAR

They may run like sheep, but not I.

38 ANGLE SCAR

38

Assessing his man.

HAWK

Go in peace with your friends.

SCAR

(prompting sarcastically)

Or else?

(laughs)

Or else what, my fine friend?

39 ANGLE CLOSE 39

SCAR stands looking at HAWK. CAMERA moves slowly down his body to his right hand resting on the butt of his sword. His fingers tap the top slowly.

40 ANGLE CLOSE 40

HAWK's face shows no expression.

41 ANGLE CLOSE 41

SCAR grins confidently.

42 ANGLE WIDE 42

The decision made. SCAR pulls the long sword from its sheath. The noise of the blade leaving the hard leather scabbard signals his death. He rushes forward, scything with the blade. HAWK, leaning on his sword hilt, sidesteps the razor-sharp steel.

43 ANGLE CLOSE 43

SCAR, confused by the speed of HAWK's move, turns to face him. Uncertainty fills his gaze.

44 ANGLE WIDE 44

HAWK lets a flicker of a smile escape from his stony look.

45 ANGLE WIDE 45

SCAR stands the point of his sword in the earth and looks hard at HAWK.

SCAR
Use your sword, pig! Do not
mock me! The time of playing
games is over!!

On the last line, he charges forward.

46 ANGLE CLOSE 46

HAWK's eyes.

47 ANGLE WIDE

47

HAWK's sword is in his hand. With a swift move, SCAR's sword is flipped from his hand and lands in the dirt at HAWK's feet.

HAWK

(his sword resheathed,
looks pointedly at
Scar)

Go in peace, brother.

SCAR's eyes tighten with hate and he adopts an obsequious pose and appears to be on the point of retreating and putting away his sword.

HAWK dismisses SCAR and turns to help the OLD WOMAN.

SCAR seizes his chance and flashes out his sword at HAWK's unprotected back. But the OLD WOMAN gives a cry which has HAWK side-stepping the blow and SCAR's blade slices past HAWK's shoulders, extracting a ribbon of blood with its passing.

The mind-sword leaps into HAWK's hands. SCAR charges in like a wild thing. Two lightning strokes from HAWK and SCAR dies instantly, his bulk crashing to the ground.

HAWK goes to the OLD WOMAN and cuts her free. She collapses into his arms. HAWK lays her on the grass and gets a canteen of water from his horse. He slips the hood from her face.

48 CAMERA CLOSE

48

On two black holes where her eyes should be. HAWK's eyes narrow. He pours a little water through her parched lips. After a moment she speaks:

OLD WOMAN

My cave is there in the woods.
I will tend your wound.

(she points)

But first, hand me my staff.

HAWK passes the staff to her. He lifts the frail body, gathers his horse and moves into the trees.

CUT TO

49 INT. CAVE - DAY

49

It is icy and damp. Whispers and eddies of mist curl in the Stygian gloom. The OLD WOMAN, recovered, tends a small fire.

Continued

OLD WOMAN

By what name are you called, Lord?

HAWK

Hawk.

OLD WOMAN

Ah, yes ... Many times have I heard it spoken. You fight for good.

HAWK

It is the way I have chosen.

OLD WOMAN

You saved my life today and I am in your debt. How can I repay you?

HAWK

I need no payment, mother.

He starts to rise.

OLD WOMAN

Wait, let me look into the fire. It shows these empty eyes many things.

HAWK sits. The OLD WOMAN takes some powder from a pouch around her neck. A small handful, she flings into the fire. Green smoke spreads outwards. The OLD WOMAN stares with sightless eyes into it. For a long time, the cave is silent. Then, finally, the green smoke dissipates. The OLD WOMAN lifts her head to face HAWK.

OLD WOMAN

A one-handed man seeks you ... he carries a token. But I also see a man who wears a mask of death.

On the last word, HAWK is immediately alert.

OLD WOMAN

Beware of this man. He is filled with hate ...

HAWK

(remembering)

Voltan!!

(then urgently)

Where do I find the one-handed man?

Continued

49 Continued

49

OLD WOMAN

Go south ... quickly, for he
rides into danger - Ranulf is his
name.

HAWK stands.

You will have need of me again,
Lord Hawk. The final battle
has yet to be fought.
Remember I shall be here when
you need me.

HAWK looks at her for a moment.

HAWK

Take care, old woman.

HAWK leaves the cave. The OLD WOMAN throws more wood onto
the fire.

OLD WOMAN

(to herself)

The road ahead is filled with
death but I shall be watching ...

50 EXT. OPEN LAND - DAY

50

Strange smoke billows across the open land as HAWK gallops
across it. A wolf cries out a mournful note.

51 EXT. PLAINS - NIGHT

51

HAWK, a menacing shadow, thunders INTO THE CAMERA.

52 EXT. RIVER - DAY

52

HAWK urges his horse out of the river and onto the dry
shore.

DISSOLVE

53 EXT. FOREST - DAY

53

RANULF, crossbow hanging from his saddle, rides down a dark
forest path. He pulls the horse to a stop as two rough-
looking MEN stand before him. RANULF quickly has the
loaded crossbow couch in his arm.

Continued

53 Continued

5

1ST MAN

(smiling)

No, friend, that is not necessary !
We are travellers and would ask
you in what direction the village
of Burnby lies.

54 ANGLE CLOSE

5.

Hidden by the tree to the left of RANULF, a third
man is drawing his bow and aiming.

55 ANGLE WIDE

5!

RANULF detects the slight movement, spins and fires
in one. The bolt pins the third man tight to the
tree. As RANULF turns, he is met with a savage blow
to the head from the butt of an axe. He falls hard
from the horse. The two men grab him, drag him to a
tree and tie him there. They search him, finding a
small pouch of coins, which they share.

1ST MAN

(angry)

To have killed our friend was
a very bad mistake !

2ND MAN

A mistake that is going to cost
you more than these few paltry coins.

RANULF

Your friend was about to stick
me with his arrow.

1ST MAN

(turning to his friend)

What punishment is fitting for
this one-handed murderer ?

2ND MAN

(musing)

Something different. It's been
a dull day.

RANULF

I am no murderer. I merely
protected myself.

The 1ST MAN slaps RANULF hard across the face.

1ST MAN

Silence, scum.

2ND MAN

(brightening)

A contest !

He pulls a short throwing axe from its sheath and,
with a soft click, points it towards RANULF.

56 ANGLE CLOSE

5

The blade thuds into the wood several inches from RANULF's face.

1ST MAN

Perfect. I wager two silver pieces that I can get closer without drawing blood.

2ND MAN

Done !

The 1ST MAN stands facing RANULF, his hands hanging by his side. Then, in one swift movement, he draws and throws.

57 ANGLE CLOSE

5

The axe hits no more than two inches from RANULF's face.

2ND MAN

A good throw in the circumstances but ...

He then assumes the same stance, stands at the ready for a moment, then draws and throws.

58 ANGLE CLOSE

5

His axe is slightly nearer than the first.

59 ANGLE WIDE

5

The two men cross to the tree, examine the hits and pull the axes from the wood, sheathing them. They return to the throwing mark.

2ND MAN

(gloating)

The first two silver pieces are mine !

1ST MAN

(snarling)

Again ! And this time my blade will raise the hairs on his head.

He takes up his stance and prepares to throw, but is stopped by the sudden scream of a bird. As if from nowhere, HAWK stands a few feet from them.

HAWK

(softly)

Cut him down !

The two men look at one another, then, moving apart, they face HAWK.

Continued

70 ANGLE WIDE

70

Before the 2ND MAN's axe has been pulled half from its sheath, HAWK's massive two-handed sword has plunged through his body. The 1ST MAN's axe has been thrown and is winging its way to HAWK. In a blur of speed, HAWK plucks it from the air and flashes it back the way it came. A look of utter disbelief crosses the 1ST MAN's face as he falls to the ground, his own axe buried in his heart. HAWK crosses to RANULF and cuts him free.

RANULF

What manner of man are you?
Never before have I seen -

HAWK

(interrupting)
I am called Hawk.

A look of astonishment covers RANULF's face.

RANULF

Hawk! What unknown power has
brought me to the very man I seek ...

RANULF fumbles in his pouch and pulls out the small wooden cross.

RANULF

I have this for you.

He gives it to HAWK, who takes it.

HAWK

You are from the fortress?

RANULF

Yes. I have been looking for
you for many days. You are
needed.

HAWK goes into the forest and returns with his horse.
He mounts.

RANULF mounts his horse and the two men ride off.

71 EXT. TAVERN - DAY

71

VOLTAN, his henchman, CHAK, and a few warriors are outside the tavern. VOLTAN has the INNKEEPER by the throat.

VOLTAN

Tell me of the rumours again.

Continued

71 Continued

71

INNKEEPER

I swear I know nothing for sure,
but they say that the one-armed
man is searching far and wide.

VOLTAN

(smiling to himself)
Searching for what?

INNKEEPER

I know not. I swear it.

VOLTAN

You will tell us immediately if
he comes here, do you understand?

VOLTAN is about to leave the tavern. TWO ROUGHS sit in a corner, noisily supping some broth and sucking at the soggy bread they dip in it. CHAK goes to the men and, taking out his sword, he points it down at the men on the table in front of them.

CHAK

Animals! When Voltan is in
your presence, you do not continue
to eat. Nor do you sit on your
greasy backsides.

He crashes the blade flat on the table to mark his words.

As the 2ND ROUGH prepares to stand, the 1ST ROUGH puts a restraining hand on his shoulder.

1ST ROUGH

I rise to no man. Save the man
who pays my wages --

His voice trails away as he becomes aware of activity about him. VOLTAN has signalled to some of his men to circle the roughs.

VOLTAN

(apparently friendly)
And who pays your wages this
night?

1ST ROUGH

(warily)

My Master is Sped, the Hunchback.
We are slavers on the River Shale.
And we do not take kindly to
strangers trying to teach us good
manners.

Continued

71 Continued

71

CHAK

Watch your mouth, dog. You speak
to ...

VOLTAN

(shushing him),

No, no! I like a man with spirit.

He has put his hand on the back of the 2ND ROUGH's neck
and squeezes. No sound comes from the 2ND ROUGH but his
eyes dilate slowly and his mouth yawns open.

VOLTAN

(continuing)

But remember this and remember
it well. Voltan owns everything.
The table, the chairs, the very
food you eat. I own everything
including your useless life.
Remember it well.

He lets go of the 2ND ROUGH who slumps onto the table, his
head at an awkward angle.

VOLTAN

(continuing)

Your friend has lost his appetite,
it seems.

The 1ST ROUGH looks owl-eyed at his dead companion and then
up at VOLTAN.

1ST ROUGH

The Hunchback will have something
to say about this.

VOLTAN

The Hunchback may have many things
to say, but you have already said
too much.

(to Chak)

Cut the tongue from his head. It
tires me.

The 1ST ROUGH is bundled away, gibbering wildly.

VOLTAN

(to the Innkeeper)

I trust you have learned something
from this.

(the quawking Innkeeper nods)

I will be kept informed of any strangers
passing this way or of any unusual
occurrence, you understand?

Continued

71 Continued

71

While he talks, the 1ST ROUGH's cries have risen in agony and then suddenly there is a shorn silence. SLOW ZOOM in to the INNKEEPER's appalled face, his own tongue swelling in his mouth.

72 EXT. FOREST - DUSK

72

A wood fire spreads light in a small circle around it. HAWK sits with the great sword across his knees. RANULF tests the strength of the cord on his crossbow.

HAWK

Tell me of the Dark One's demands?

RANULF

Voltan demands two thousand pieces of gold for the Abbess' safe return.

(he pauses and looks at

Hawk intently)

Have you ever crossed swords with him?

HAWK nods his head, then sits silent for a moment, his eyes focussed on the fire. CAMERA MOVES INTO the iris.

DISSOLVE

73 EXT. RIVER - DAY (FLASHBACK)

73

A small fire burns on the shore of a lake. HAWK and BEAUTIFUL WOMAN swim in the cool mountain water. Both are naked, apart from an ornate cross around the woman's neck.

74 ANGLE CLOSE

74

The woman wraps her arms around HAWK and kisses him.

ELIANE

A fine thing for us to do on our wedding day. The guests will wonder where we have gone ...

HAWK stops her with a kiss. At that moment a tall figure emerges from the bushes at the side of the river. HAWK turns to him.

HAWK

Voltan, my brother, you are not enjoying the festivities?

Continued

74 Continued

74

VOLTAN

(angry)

How could I enjoy them when these festivities should have been for my marriage to Eliane?

HAWK

~~Not so! You must rid yourself of that belief.~~ Eliane was never your betrothed. She had a free choice.

VOLTAN

(angry)

While I fought alongside our father, you were here turning her love for me to hate with your silvery tongue.

The woman has moved close to VOLTAN.

ELIANE

You and I were friends. Nothing more. I love your brother as he loves me. Cannot you find happiness in your heart for our marriage.

VOLTAN

(furious)

No! No! You were mine - and shall be again. Take care, little brother. Watch for me in the night.

VOLTAN turns on his heel and disappears. The woman clings tighter to HAWK.

ELIANE

He has changed and it frightens me. His mind has turned in on itself.

ELIANE takes the crucifix from around her neck and fixes it on HAWK.

ELIANE

(continues)

Wear it. It will protect you.

HAWK strokes her long hair. The crucifix presses to his chest.

75 EXT. FOREST - NIGHT

75

RANULF has pulled the trigger on the empty bow, bringing HAWK out of his reverie.
RANULF puts one foot into the bow's stirrup and cocks it. He notches a feathered bolt and, resting it on the handleless arm, he takes aim.

76 INSERT

76

A small leaf falling from a tree.

77 WIDE ANGLE

77

RANULF

When I had Voltan in my sights
I should have fired.

He pulls the trigger. The shaft flashes from the bow and neatly pins the leaf to the tree several yards away.

HAWK

The black ones protect their own. Come! Our horses have rested enough. I have others to find; comrades who have fought by my side before.

RANULF

We have little time left.

HAWK

There is one who will find them for us: but the way lies through the Forest of Weir.

A flash of fear crosses Ranulf's face again as they prepare to mount their horses.

HAWK

The shortest route is often the most dangerous.

78 EXT. FOREST - NIGHT

78

HAWK and RANULF, silhouettes against the skyline, ride into the sinking sun. They are followed by a pack of howling wolves, but steadily outrun them.

79 EXT. GATE TO FOREST OF WEIR

79

HAWK and RANULF stand before two massive columns - gateway to the Forest of Weir.

Continued

79 Continued

79

HAWK

Beyond the gate it will be as
darkest night, ~~but the mind-~~
~~sword shall light our way.~~

CUT TO

80 ANGLE CLOSE

80

RANULF nods apprehensively.

CUT TO

81 ANGLE CLOSE

81

HAWK.

HAWK

Leave that circle of light and
I may be powerless to help you.

HAWK holds the glowing mind-sword high as the two men
pass through the portal.

82 INT. FOREST OF WEIR

82

Total darkness - then a small blob of luminescence advances
and becomes brighter.

83 ANGLE WIDE

83

HAWK and RANULF ride close together, bathed in the pale
green glow of the mind-sword. Sibilant hisses and
chittering stridulations ebb and well around them,
coating the night with fear and menace.

HAWK

The land has changed. Wolves
hunt where there were none before.
This was once a green forest,
full of sunlight. Now it is a
place of darkness and evil.

RANULF

Tell me of the companions you
hope to find.

Continued

83 Continued

83

HAWK

The ones we seek are the last of their kind: Gort, a giant from the mountains at the edge of the world; Crow, an elfin bowman from the silver forests, now burnt and blackened, and Baldin, a dwarf from the Iron hills.

At that moment a noise scares the horses. RANULF's horse rears and for a moment moves out of the light. The chittering builds to a crescendo. HAWK pulls the horse back into the light as a large furry shape appears, snarling and screaming. RANULF's crossbow swings into action. The black-feathered bolt cleaves the air and buries itself into the dark form. With a high-pitched squeal the shape plunges back into the darkness. HAWK urges RANULF.

HAWK

Ride!!

The two horses leap forward and gallop towards the gates, pursued by the menacing fury of some unseen host.

84 EXT. GATES - NIGHT

84

The two horses flash through the portal and slow to a trot. All is now silent.

RANULF

(shaken)

What was that?

HAWK

Krites! Flesh eaters. Come, old warrior
~~we still have far to go.~~

DISSOLVE

85 EXT. FOREST TRAIL - DAY

85

HAWK and RANULF trot their horses through the shimmering morning dew. A few birds are brave enough to sing in the trees of the forest.

HAWK

We shall reach the old woman's
cave by nightfall.

RANULF nods his head. The two riders continue down the trail.

DISSOLVE

86 INT. CAVE - DAY

26

The WOMAN tends a pot suspended over an open fire. She lifts her head at the sound of approaching horses, then continues stirring the contents.

HAWK (o.s.)

Woman ?

WOMAN

Enter, Lord Hawk, and bring the one-handed one with you.

HAWK and RANULF enter.

WOMAN

Sit, sit. I have prepared food for your coming.

RANULF gives HAWK a puzzled look.

HAWK

She has her ways !

The WOMAN smiles, then spoons the contents of the pot into two wooden bowls. She hands them to HAWK and RANULF. Without caring what the contents may be, the two men start to eat hungrily. After a few moments HAWK speaks:

HAWK

I need your help.

87 INT. CAVE - DAY

87

RANULF watches as HAWK sits cross-legged in a ring of wood. The WOMAN sprinkles various powders onto the wood, then stands back, finished. Lifting the long staff, she points it at the wood.

88 ANGLE CLOSE

88

A great flash of power burns from the tip of the staff, igniting the powders. HAWK is surrounded by a miasma of smoky colours.

WOMAN

You shall journey to where each man is. If he is willing, he will return here with you.

89 WIDE ANGLE

89

The OLD WOMAN takes gnarled roots from the folds of her robe. Each root has a definite shape to it. The first is thick and knobbly.

OLD WOMAN

This is the Dagda - father of all - Lord of the perfect knowledge and ...

(picking up a thinner root)

Lug, the wily one. Slayer of Balor.

(next a silvery root)

Help us, Nuada of the silver hand. Help us, Tuatha de Danann, people of the Goddess Danu. See through the mists of mortal man to what only the immortals can see.

She throws the twigs into the fire that burns around HAWK. CAMERA ZOOMS into the strangely coloured flames.

DISSOLVE

90 EXT. TAVERN - DAY

90

A giant dark-haired man holds a jug of beer to his mouth and drinks in gigantic gulps. He burps noisily, stands and tightens his broad belt. A tiny wispy man dances attendance on him. Shifty-eyed, he is trying to get GORT to do something for him. Nearby a waggon filled with barrels lies askew. One of the wooden wheels has come off and some of the barrels have tumbled on to the dirt road.

SPARROW

I've kept my side of the bargain. You've drunk as much of my ale as three men.

GORT eyes him speculatively.

GORT

Part of the bargain, skinflint. First, the beer and then there was a price of two pennies mentioned.

SPARROW

(whining)

When the task is done, and you haven't started yet.

Continued

90 Continued

90

GORT moves to the offending waggon and shoulders it into the air while he single-handedly re-sets the wheel on its axle. Picking up the barrels, like so many twigs, he quickly reloads the wagon. He turns to the little man, and holds out his hand.

GORT

Pay up, rat-nose.

SPARROW is backtracking.

SPARROW

I haven't any money with me.
So many thieves about.

(embarrassed, he
giggles)

But I'll bring it to you tomorrow -
here - at first light.

GORT

(threateningly)

Bag of dirt.

He lifts his massive fist. The tiny man cowers, but stands his ground.

SPARROW

Hit me and you get nothing!

GORT sighs heavily and drops his fist. SPARROW is cocky now.

SPARROW

I'll bring it to you tomorrow -
some time.

He climbs up on the fixed wagon.

SPARROW

And there again ...

GORT picks up his massive hammer and without fuss strides up to the wagon. He deals it a terrifying blow and it falls apart, spilling its load and the little man into the road.

GORT

You owe me nothing now. Pick-
nose ...

At the crash of the wagon, SEVERAL SOLDIERS appear from the tavern.

Continued

90 Continued

90

SPARROW
(turns to them)
Justice! I demand justice!
Look what this big ox has done
to my wares. Am I, an honest
merchant, to be treated this
way?

One of the soldiers looks towards GORT.

SOLDIER
(grinning)
The ale-seller is right. Be
a good fellow and clear up
the mess you've made.

GORT snorts.

GORT
I'd sooner eat cow dung.

SOLDIER
That can be arranged and you
can wash it down with your
own blood if need be.

GORT
(wearily)
So be it!

Six soldiers draw their short swords and ring themselves
around GORT.

91 ANGLE GORT

91

Stands, his huge hands resting on the mighty hammer.

92 ANGLE WIDE

92

The soldiers move in.

93 ORCHESTRATE FIGHT

93

In which GORT serves out justice a swipe at a time.
Finally, the six men are down, nursing broken heads and
various other parts of their bodies.

94 ANGLE WIDE 94
GORT turns to SPARROW.

95 ANGLE SPARROW 95
He starts to back away.

96 ANGLE GORT 96
Lifting the hammer and advancing on the little man.
He is stopped by the sound of a screaming bird. He turns, a great smile upon his face. HAWK stands on a grassy knoll by some trees; smoke swirls about him. GORT turns to the little man.

GORT
Consider this the luckiest
day of your life, little man.

He shoulders the hammer and walks towards HAWK: Smoke fills the screen.

DISSOLVE

97 INT. CAVE - DAY 97
GORT now stands in the cave with RANULF. More coloured smoke billows from the fire. CAMERA ZOOMS into the smoke.

DISSOLVE

98 EXT. BLACKSMITH'S - DAY 98
The huge hands of the smithy work with great delicacy, tapping a fine arrow head into being. It is placed with eleven others exactly the same on a table. The SMITHY turns to a small pointed-eared young man who sits cross-legged on top of a fallen log. His clothes cling lightly to his thin body - long golden hair hangs down to his shoulders.

SMITHY
Last one done!!

The ELF moves with the suppleness of a leopard as he crosses to the table. His long fine hands check the weight and feel of the heads. He is a man who knows his skill.

Continued

98 Continued

98

CROW
(his voice has a
tinkling sound to
it)

Fine work.

The SMITHY is obviously pleased at the recognition of his work.

99 ANGLE WIDE

99

TWO MEN carrying long bows stand at the edge of the clearing. They watch CROW as he takes a gold coin from a fat leather pouch and pays the SMITHY. One of them, a plump speech-merchant speaks.

FITZWALTER
A strange individual to be
sure!!

The other man, a rough braggart, turns to him.

RALF
(musing)
I've never seen his like before.
Whatever - he carries gold and
the way he inspects those points,
no doubt fancies himself a bowman.

FITZWALTER
(mumbling)
I'm not sure about this one!

RALF
(hard)
We have not failed as yet. Play
your part as always and his gold
will fill our pockets within the
hour. Now, get rid of the black-
smith.

They move toward the BLACKSMITH's. CROW sits up on top of the fallen log carefully fitting the first point to a yardcloth arrow. FITZWALTER goes towards the SMITHY. RALF stands a few yards from CROW.

FITZWALTER
(lightly)
Good day to you, Master Goldsmith.
I have a hard but rewarding task
for you. Our wagon lies with

Continued

99 Continued

99

FITZWALTER (Cont)
 a broken wheel a mile down the
 road. If you will repair it,
 and return it here before sunset,
 you shall be paid handsomely.

The SMITHY is obviously not happy at the prospect of a
 mile walk. FITZWALTER digs into his belt pouch, and hands
 him several coins.

FITZWALTER
 (smiling)
 Part payment in advance.

The SMITHY takes the money, then gathers up several tools
 and starts along the indicated trail. FITZWALTER, having
 succeeded in getting rid of the only other person around,
 walks over to CROW.

FITZWALTER
 Greetings.
 My friend and I could not but
 notice the beautiful bow and
 arrows you tend so lovingly.
 Might one ask if you are bound
 for the tournament at Brackley?

CROW nods curtly and continues to work on the shaft.

FITZWALTER
 Permit me to introduce ourselves.
 This is Ralf of Coggeshall,
 Master Bowman, and I am his humble
 companion, Master Fitzwalter.

CROW continues with the arrow.

FITZWALTER
 (not giving up)
 To whom do I have the pleasure
 of addressing myself?!!

CROW lifts his narrow catlike eyes for a moment.

CROW
 (bitingly)
Crow!!

RALF adopts a swaggering pose and notches an arrow into
 his bowstring. CROW is immediately alert although he does
 not change his position. From his doublet, RALF takes
 out an apple, bites off a chunk and cheekily tosses it

Continued

99 Continued

99

high into the air and immediately looses an arrow at it. The apple is pierced and he catches the falling fruit, extracts the shaft and promptly eats the rest of the apple.

RALF

(disparagingly)

Our friend can only clean a bow it seems.

FITZWALTER

(in mock apology)

Oh, dear! I do believe that my impetuous friend is challenging you.

CROW

(shaking his head)

He wastes his time and mine.

An arrow thunks into the ground between CROW's feet. In a blur of movement, CROW is up on his feet, an arrow already strung. Even FITZWALTER jumps back at the suddenness of his move.

FITZWALTER

(pleading - the actor in full flow)

Gentlemen! Gentlemen! Calm yourselves! I beg of you.

(then to Ralf with a wink)

Our friend here is not going to play children's games. He needs more serious inducement.

He takes a bag of coins from his belt pouch, which he jingles.

FITZWALTER

Now, for a small wager, we could make it worth his while. Am I not right, sir?

He looks at CROW questioningly.

CROW reaches into his own doublet and in answer draws out the leather bag of coins.

CROW

(brusquely)

Name the target!

Continued

99 Continued

99

RALF

(spitting it out
as he takes up a
position)

One hundred paces. The first
to cut his mark cleanly.

FITZWALTER has attached a red and yellow cord around the
trunk of a tree.

FITZWALTER

Our friend will take the red
mark, Ralf. The bow to be
couched and the arrow to stay
in its quiver until I give
the signal - One, Two, Three.-
Shoot! Is that understood?

CROW nods curtly and RALF smiles at some secret knowledge.

FITZWALTER has returned to the two men and stations
himself behind CROW and, as he counts down, he stealthily
draws a dagger. Just as he is about to plunge it into
CROW's back, the same eerie cry rings out, and the point
of a sword comes to rest at his ear.

HAWK

Let us leave the odds as they
are.

The knife falls from FITZWALTER's nerveless fingers.

CROW turns to HAWK and they exchange looks of recognition.
For a moment, the air is empty of all noise while the
looks hold. HAWK speaks.

HAWK

Carry on with the wager, Crow.
There should always be time
for sport. ~~twists the sword slightly in~~
(he ~~turns to~~ Fitzwalter's neck)
~~You may continue where you left~~
~~off.~~

A shaky FITZWALTER counts down again.

There is a flurry of hands and two arrows streak towards
their marks but one definitely lands before the other and
it is the red cord which is cut first.

Without a word, CROW picks up the bag of coins while
FITZWALTER splutters.

Continued

99 Continued

99

CROW
(quietly)
My arrow hit first!

He prepares to move off with HAWK.

RALF
(spitting it out)
The devil, you say. My arrow
was out of the bow first.

CROW stops momentarily, and then continues on his way.

RALF
(bawling)
Jackal of the night!

He strings his bow. CROW's hands clench, but he moves on until, if it wasn't for HAWK pushing him aside, he would have been spitted by the arrow which whistles past his face and into a tree. Now he turns slowly to face RALF who has moved to have a clear "shoot" at CROW.

RALF
There's only one way to prove
it, or do you need your friend's
help again?

FITZWALTER
(shouting ineffectually)
I forbid this!

RALF
Keep out of this, Fitzwalter.
Well, little man? Has the quake
in your belly stopped your mouth?

CROW prepares himself for the final round.

CROW
Substitute., ~~So be it!~~ "I am ready." for "So be it."

RALF's face is oily with sweat. HAWK is immobile.

RALF
(whispering)
Count us down, Master Fitzwalter.

The count-down seems timeless. CROW's face is set, his eyes darkly slitted. RALF wipes his hands nervously on his jerkin.

Continued

99 Continued

99

FITZWALTER

Shoot!

CROW's hands are a blur of motion and suddenly, RALF, mouth agape, his arrow hardly notched, looks down to see the feathered shaft jut from his breast.

RALF

I didn't even see ...

His breath and life run out and he crumples to the ground.

CROW walks towards HAWK, smoke surrounds them.

A weak-kneed FITZWALTER goes to his friend's body as the others leave.

FITZWALTER

(shrieking at the corpse)

I knew it! I knew it! I knew your long tongue and loose mouth would be the death of you! God's blood! I'd like to tear out your gizzard and throttle you!

DISSOLVE

100 INT. CAVE - DAY

100

CROW now stands with the others.

OLD WOMAN

Look in the flames for the last time, Lord Hawk. One more and we are complete. The Table of Five.

The OLD WOMAN feeds another stick into the fire and the flames again burn brightly. CAMERA ZOOMS into the swirling mass of colours.

DISSOLVE

101 EXT. LAKE - DAY

101

A raft made of wood floats in the centre of the lake. Tied to it, by a rope to each corner, a broad but small gnarled man. A DWARF of the Iron Hills. SEVERAL MEN dressed in robes of white stand on the bank, each has a short bow of bronze. They notch wadded arrows into the strings and then set them alight from a bronze burner. The arrows are then loosed into the air to arch high and drop around the raft. None touch it.

102 ANGLE CLOSE

102

The DWARF.

BALDIN

(shouting)

Cut me loose, dogs. Then
I, Baldin of the Iron Hills,
will show you what to do
with your puny bows.

One of the men, wearing a gold band around his head,
speaks.

HIGH PRIEST

Be still, ugly one. It is a
great honour for you to die this
way! When the raft burns your
ashes shall mingle with the holy
waters of the lake, and you will
become a part of its sacred
oneness.

The men re-load their arrows, then fire. The burning
arrows shoot high in the air, one of which smacks into
the raft.

103 ANGLE CLOSE

103

BALDIN sees that the burning arrow has started the raft
wood burning.

BALDIN

(to himself)

Here I am about to roast and
I sit on enough water to put
out the fires of Hell.
Damn their holy eyes!

The priests prepare once more to loose their arrows.
On the point of firing, the scream of a bird stops them.

104 ANGLE CLOSE

10

BALDIN lifts his head at the sound.

BALDIN

By all the Gods - Hawk!

105 ANGLE WIDE

10

HAWK surrounded by smoke, stands several yards from the
priests.

Continued

105 Continued

106

HAWK

Lay your bows down. This warrior is needed.

The HIGH PRIEST steps forward.

HIGH PRIEST

You don't understand. By dying this way he will be purified and his soul forever cleansed.

HAWK

(sourly)

Priest! I prefer him exactly as he is - unwashed but alive.

106 ANGLE WIDE

106

The burning wood has reached one of the ropes tying Baldin. It lights. BALDIN pulls hard and the ropes snap. Just in time, he dives from the burning raft. He swims to the shore and pulls himself to the dry land.

BALDIN

Water, ugh. Never did like the stuff.

The PRIESTS back away from the small man, who bends to pick up a long leather whip.

BALDIN

Greetings, Hawk!

HAWK

How did the mighty Baldin come to be in this sorry mess?

BALDIN

(shame-faced)

Too much wine - a friendly fight or two - you know how it goes. A crack on the skull from a sulky wench and I awake to find myself at the mercy of these chanting fools.

(he rubs his stomach)

There's a hole here as large as the Pit of Gimri in the Iron Hills.

He whips out the point of his lash into the lake. Incredibly it jerks out a wriggling fish which BALDIN crunches.

Continued

106 Continued

10

HAWK

(amused)

Your diet has improved little
since we last met.

BALDIN

(with relish as the
fish disappears down
his gullet)

Ah! But the eye is still as
quick.

The PRIESTS intone another litany and they advance towards
him.

HIGH PRIEST

Think again, ugly one. Great
glory would have been thine.

BALDIN

I'll give you great glory.

Again, he flicks the point of the whip out and neatly cuts
off the bottom half of the HIGH PRIEST's robe. With an
ashamed cry, a bare backside dashes into the undergrowth.

BALDIN

(crowing)

There is great glory indeed.

Laughing, he joins HAWK and walks into the smoke cloud.

107 INT. CAVE - NIGHT

107

BALDIN now sits with the others.

HAWK

(as if concluding
a tale)

Now, you know the fate that
awaits the Abbess of Caddonbury
if we fail. Remember - Voltan
has many men and we are few.
If it comes to a battle, it will
go hard on us.

He turns to GORT.

GORT

Since I last fought at your side,
time has hung heavily.

Continued

107. Continued

He pats his stomach.

GORT

300 And not only time by the look
of it, eh? I yearn for the
old days. I am with you.

HAWK turns to CROW.

CROW

(laconically)

My bow is yours! Always will
be!

... and to BALDIN.

BALDIN

The Iron Hills are no more. If
I am to die - why not with
friends?

HAWK hits his knee with pleasure.

RANULF

But Voltan will expect his gold
soon. We haven't enough riches
to fill a chamber pot.

GORT

That is true, Hawk. How are
we going to make Voltan's
mouth water if there's no wine
in the cup?

OLD WOMAN

A day's march from Caddonbury is
the River Shale. It flows into
the Great Lake. Once a month,
traders come with gold to buy
slaves from the Hunchback, Sped -
a brute as evil in his ways as the
Dark One, Voltan. Few would
weep the passing of a Slaver such
as he. And it would be fitting
justice for his ill-gotten gold
to be used for the ways of good.

RANULF

(keenly)

The end truly justifies the
means if the Lady Abbess is
returned to her flock.

Continued

107 Continued

107

HAWK

(brooding)

~~Would that it were so! But~~
 "Mmm - I have reason to doubt the
~~word of Volcan, the Dark One.~~

His eyes cloud and he looks into the far distance. His hand clasps the cross. CAMERA MOVES SLOWLY INTO his iris.

DISSOLVE

108 EXT. LAKE - DAY (FLASHBACK)

108

A swollen sun sinks slowly; the light fades on the figures astride a white horse that laps slowly at the clear water. ELIANE rests her golden head on HAWK's back, her arms encircle his chest. The horse moves deeper into the water.

ELIANE

I feel we are as one, my love.

HAWK lifts her hand to his face and kisses it. They sit in silence in the twilight.

ELIANE

You are so silent.

HAWK

My father worries at the news from the North. Dark forces are moving. The country is being put to the torch. Soon we may be defending our own lands.

ELIANE hugs him closer.

ELIANE

If there is to be fighting, then my sword will stand by yours.

HAWK turns to her; they kiss. HAWK manoeuvres the horse from the water and walks it along the bank to the brightly burning fire of their camp. Stopping the horse, he dismounts, then lifts ELIANE down. They kiss once more. HAWK reacts to a sudden noise. A tall figure stands outside the fire's light, in his hand a crossbow levelled at them. ELIANE screams at the sharp snap ...

DISSOLVE

109 INT. CAVE - NIGHT

10

HAWK's hand holds the crucifix for a moment, then lets it go.

HAWK

Tomorrow ~~at first light~~, we
start out for the Church at
Caddonbury.

CUT TO

110 EXT. MOORLANDS - DAY

11

HAWK and the FOUR MEN ride across broken landscape.

CUT TO

111 EXT. FOREST - DAY

11

The five riders thunder towards CAMERA and OUT OF SHOT.

CUT TO

112 EXT. CHURCH - NIGHT

11

RANULF pounds on the door. It is slowly opened. Followed
by HAWK and the others, RANULF enters.

CUT TO

113 INT. CHURCH - NIGHT

11

SISTER MONICA hurries forward to greet RANULF.

SISTER MONICA

Thank God, you have returned safely!

RANULF

Sister Monica, this is Hawk.

SISTER MONICA takes HAWK by the arm and leads him to a long
table.

SISTER MONICA

Come and sit.

She turns to two of the nuns.

Get food and drink for our friends.

The NUNS hurry out of the side door to the Church.

Continued

113 Continued

113

SISTER MONICA

(to Hawk)

How do you propose to raise the ransom?

HAWK

A day's ride from here are men who will be only too happy to meet our needs.

GORT laughs heartily at HAWK's words. At that moment, the NUNS return with the food. One of them prepares to cut slices of meat from a haunch. GORT takes it in his large hands much to BALDIN's envy.

GORT

No, no, little sister. This will do just for me. Return to your kitchen and get more for my friends.

The NUN stands wide-eyed then looks to SISTER MONICA who nods in approval.

SISTER MONICA

This is good news indeed. Once the gold is here, our Lady will be returned.

HAWK

Would it were that simple. But I know Voltan, as if he were my own -

HAWK stops, suddenly realising what he was saying. He shuts out the pain of memory in his heart.

Let it suffice that there is no guarantee he will return the Abbess even if he is paid the ransom in full.

SISTER MONICA

(angrily)

No! No! You must not say such things. He gave his word that once the money was paid then our sister would be returned. What you speak of is too awful to contemplate.

She leaves HAWK and goes into a corner to pray. HAWK watches her go. A frown crosses his brow. RANULF leans towards him.

Continued

113 Continued

1

RANULF

Her head moves in the clouds, I
fear. Let me try to make her
understand.

BALDIN, a rumble coming from his hollow belly, eyes the
chunk of meat GORT raises to his mouth. He gives a sudden
smile before switching to a more solemn countenance. His
sharp intake of breath has GORT pausing in the action of
biting.

GORT

(puzzled)

What is it?

BALDIN

(shrugging)

It's nothing! Enjoy the food!
It probably wouldn't make any
difference to you in any case ...

GORT

(putting the food
down)

You know something dwarf that I
don't? Out with it!

BALDIN

(averting his gaze)

Really, it's of no importance.
The food will taste just the
same, believe me.

GORT

Little brother, you are trying
my patience. If you don't want
to end up even shorter -

(brandishing a huge
fist)

- your tongue had better speak
quickly. Why do you say it will
taste the same!

BALDIN

(as if making a big
decision)

Very well, longshanks. So be it!
We are in a monastery. Surely
that must be clear to you even
though you walk with your head in
the clouds.

GORT exhales threateningly and BALDIN's words trip out fast

Continued

113 Continued

11

BALDIN

All I'm saying is - you might be eating holy food!

He turns to leave as if he has explained it all. GORT is puzzled and quickly pulls BALDIN back to him.

GORT

Dammit, little brother, what does that mean? Holy food?

BALDIN

Holy food has a flavour some find not to their liking.

GORT eyes the meat suspiciously.

GORT

You think this is holy food?

BALDIN

How do I know? You'll find out soon enough when you eat it.

GORT again restrains the dwarf. A smile lurks around his mouth.

GORT

You seem to be the expert, little brother. You eat it.

As BALDIN starts to make "no, no" noises.

But I insist. After all, what are comrades for if not to help one another.

This is said while GORT exerts physical pressure on BALDIN, propelling him towards the suspect food. BALDIN bites into the meat trying to disguise his relish. GORT watches, mouth watering.

GORT

Well?

BALDIN

(smacking his lips)

It - could - be! And yet!

GORT

Little brother! If I thought for one moment that what you told me was a lie -

Continued

113 Continued

11

Just then the little NUN returns with another platter of food.

BALDIN

Sister of the faith, tell my
ox-like friend here. Would you
describe this food as being holy?

LITTLE NUN

350 All food is holy. It comes from
God.

BALDIN turns expressively to GORT as if "I told you so".
GORT looks at the food in despair.

114 ANGLE CLOSE

114

RANULF waits for SISTER MONICA to get up from her knees
and make the sign of the cross. She speaks before RANULF
can open his mouth.

SISTER MONICA

I hope we have made the right
decision, Ranulf. My mind is
sorely troubled.

RANULF

(irritated)

Sister, the return of your Lady
is Hawk's first concern.

SISTER MONICA

(not really hearing him)

We could have offered what little
wealth we have and asked Voltan
for sufficient time to pay the
rest. I'm sure we could have
made him understand.

RANULF

The Dark One understands nothing
but the spilling of blood.
Believe me, I'm an old warrior
and I know that your salvation
from the likes of Voltan lies in
having the strength of someone
like Hawk to protect you.

SISTER MONICA

(correcting Ranulf)

My son, God protects us.

Continued

114 Continued

114

RANULF

(giving her an old-fashioned look)

Sister, He was protecting the Abbess and look where it's got her.

SISTER MONICA

(sternly)

Ranulf, your words flirt with blasphemy.

RANULF

My words are just as true nonetheless.

He looks at SISTER MONICA exasperatedly and leaves her staring coldly after him.

RANULF has rejoined HAWK.

RANULF

It's impossible to talk to the woman sensibly.

HAWK

She will find her own counsel, never fear. Our first concern is the gold. Tomorrow, we arrange a welcome for the slavers of the River Shale.

115 EXT. LANDING - RIVER SHALE

115

A group of chained men are guarded by armed bandits. One heavily bearded man, A HUNCHBACK, with a patch over his left eye and the left side of his head completely bald, stands watching as a long boat pulls towards shore. The boat is filled with an equal number of armed men plus two ferret-faced slavers. The ONE-EYED MAN wades into the water and helps drag the boat ashore.

SPED

Welcome, welcome! Friends, it is good to see you again. I have many fine slaves for you to buy ... many!!

The two traders are helped ashore. A large chest containing the gold is left on board. The traders are escorted to the group of chained people. The slavers start work assessing the price of each person. SPED uses a vicious looking bludge to prod his victims into activity.

116 ANGLE WOOD 116

The elfin figure of CROW flits from one tree to another.

117 ANGLE LOG 117

The top of RANULF's head pops up for an instant then disappears.

118 ANGLE REEDS 118

BALDIN parts them for a quick look.

119 ANGLE TREE - BY RIVER 119

GORT stands behind it, idly fingering the head of his giant hammer.

SPED

Well? Well? Did I mislead you?
Aren't they a fine bunch? It
cost me blood I tell you to collect
these strong specimens.

He keeps getting in the traders' way and they wearily have to sidestep his bad breath.

SPED

They don't call Sped the finest
slaver the length and breadth of
the River Shale for nothing, you
know. Play square with me and
I'll play square with you. That's
what I say. Play foul with Sped
and God help you.

He laughs loudly and his men respond with weak grins. While SPED chatters on the traders study the wares, and exchange quick looks as they find the 'slaves' in good shape; but they are masters of their art and continue to sigh and shake their heads.

FERRET

Not as good as last time, Thomas!

THOMAS

No, indeed.

SPED frowns at this statement. He is about to yell an obscenity when, from nowhere, the weird cry screeches out. SPED spins in the direction of the noise. HAWK stands a few feet away. All go for their weapons.

Continued

119 Continued

119

HAWK
Greetings!

SPED
(crashing his club
to the ground),
I don't know what you're doing
here, but you've chosen the wrong
time to do it.

HAWK
My apologies, but I have an urgent
request to make.

SPED
(puzzled)
Request?

HAWK
Yes. I find myself in need of
two thousand gold pieces and have
been told that yonder chest contains
sufficient for my cause.

He turns to the two traders.

I shall need help from you to
unload it.

For a moment, everybody stands dumbstruck. Then SPED lets
out an enormous laugh.

SPED
A good jest. Very good!

HAWK
(hard)
It is no jest.

SPED and HAWK hold looks for a long moment.

SPED
(to his man)
Who will rid me of this madman?
Cut him down!

As the men move forward, the air is filled with a sound like
humming bees. Within seconds, six men have gone down to
CROW's rapid fire.

The Slavers push their men forward. This time the crossbow
of RANULF is felt. With the help of CROW, seven more men

Continued

are down. SPED looks around open-mouthed. The MAN on the boat starts to paddle away, but the terrible hiss of BALDIN's whip takes him over the side. From out of the reeds, GORT hits the boat a massive blow, sinking it instantly. He bends into the shallow water and plucks the chest out. SPED makes a move with his club, but HAWK's blade is already at his midriff. The club falls to the ground. HAWK turns to the two SLAVERS.

HAWK
(indicating the
prisoners)
Release them !

For a moment they hesitate. Two arrows take the hats off their heads. Immediately they start freeing the group of people.

GORT places the chest in front of HAWK, who opens it, takes out one leather bag. He turns to the freed prisoners.

HAWK
Take this -
(he throws the
sack of gold
to them)
and return to your homes.

The group of MEN, happy to be free, move off into the forest. CROW, RANULF and BALDIN have joined HAWK and GORT. SPED fumes with HAWK's sword tickling his belly. Meanwhile the TWO surviving SLAVERS scamper to freedom. CROW strings an arrow, looks at HAWK for guidance.

HAWK
Let them go.

GORT
(prodding SPED)
What about fat man here ?

HAWK
I'm sure you'll think of something.

GORT laughs and takes the hunchback by the scruff of the neck.

SPED
Put me down, you overstuffed bull.

GORT
(leaning down-wind
of SPED)
With pleasure.

119 Continued

119

He drops a howling SPED in the water's edge.

SPED

(spitting out water)

Damn you, eater of dung, I'll make you pay double for this.

GORT

(standing over him)

You really haven't learned the lesson of humility yet, have you, worm?

SPED

(screaming)

Give me my club and I'll crack your head like the putrid egg it is.

GORT sighs and looks pensively at SPED. He weighs SPED's club in his hand.

GORT

You give me an idea, foul mouth! Since you put great store by this club of yours ...

DISSOLVE

120 ANGLE SPED

120

SPED lies, pegged out on his back on the ground. GORT hauls the mighty club by a rope over a high branch so that it is suspended directly over SPED's head. GORT then takes the loose end and prods SPED's mouth open.

GORT

Open wide! Good! Now bite hard, 400 my friend.

SPED's teeth clamp on the rope. It is obvious that if he opens his mouth it will have dire consequences for him.

GORT

Now, prattle tale, I advise you to stay silent. One word from that foul mouth of yours and down will come your precious baby.

GORT claps his great hands together.

Continued

120 Continued

120

GORT

But, on the other hand, one of your bought slaves might happen along and find you here. No doubt he'll want to exchange happy memories with you. The kind to have you laughing loudly.

He leaves SPED gritting his teeth and groaning. GORT's laughing voice reaches him from the distance.

GORT

Our thanks, brother, for the bountiful gifts you have bestowed upon us.

SPED's eyes bulge and the veins stand out on his neck.

SPED

Damn you all to ...

He remembers and looks up in terror. His jaw is open wide and it has unloosed the rope and he can see that awful club plumm down.

CUT TO

121 ANGLE GORT

121

GORT and the others as they turn to listen.

SPED

... He ... !!!

GORT crosses himself at the nasty "squishy" sound that cuts the word off.

GORT

Some people can't keep their mouths shut!

122 INT. VOLTAN'S TENT - DAY

122

VOLTAN sits in a large wood and leather chair. DROGO stands before him. In a cage behind him sits the ABBESS.

DROGO

(heated)

I am of your blood. Let me raid the fat lords in the north. I, Drogo, your son, will send cold

Continued

DROGO (Cont)

fear into their hearts.

Getting no response from VOLTAN, he feels more emboldened.

DROGO

All I ask is that you give me command of some men to prove my strength. My blood is forever on the move. It needs excitement.

VOLTAN comes slowly over to his son, puts his arm comradely about his shoulder. DROGO smiles in triumph. But then VOLTAN jerks him backwards across a wooden trestle. As VOLTAN speaks, his voice whistles.

VOLTAN

If I were to press one inch more, your backbone would snap like rotten wood. Is this not excitement? Is not the fine choice between your living and dying more than enough to make your hot blood race through your veins?

Suddenly he lets go and DROGO cowers on the floor where his father gives him a brutal kick.

VOLTAN

We will talk of this no more.
My face pains me!!

DROGO's eyes tighten with the lines of hate. His hand strays to his dagger and he inches it from its sheath.

Although VOLTAN's back is to him, he is terrified by his father's next words.

VOLTAN

Draw your dagger out one more inch, and you are a dead man.
Be you my son or not.

As he says this, he turns to look at DROGO whose trembling hand leaves the dagger be. DROGO stands, then rushes out of the tent.

VOLTAN stands for a moment holding the Steel Mask with both his hands.

Continued

122 Continued

122

THE ABBESS

I know the art of curing; shall
I tend your face?

The pain momentarily gone, VOLTAN speaks.

VOLTAN

There is no cure for this face,
woman, only periods of relief.

Again, he clutches his head in agony. Then he strides out
of the tent.

123 EXT. FOREST - DAY

123

DROGO rides through the forest savagely whipping the animal.

124 EXT. DIRT ROAD - DAY

124

One of the slavers, FERRET, stumbles out of breath towards
DROGO - looking back all the while to see if he is being
pursued. He draws up with a start. DROGO pulls up his
horse.

DROGO

What filthy animal have we here?

FERRET

I beg you. Have pity on me. I
barely escaped with my life.

DROGO

(smiling evilly)

You may not escape so easily
from the hands of Drogo, son
of Voltan.

FERRET

(wheedling)

If you are who you say you are,
put away your sword. We are
brothers under the skin. I buy
slaves on the River Shale.

DROGO

(suddenly angry, he
jumps down from his
horse, sword already
drawn)

You dare to call me brother. A
slaver?

Continued

124 Continued

124

He looks as if he will run the FERRET through but the FERRET falls on his knees.

FERRET

God's teeth - listen to me!
I have words of great importance
for you.

DROGO

(curious in spite
of himself)
Your news had better be very good.

FERRET

Would the news that a certain
hunchback was no longer the Master
of the River Slavers be important?

DROGO

(interested, he
sheathes his sword)
Go on!

FERRET

And that a band of warriors led
by a certain man had taken
possession of the hunchback's
gold?

DROGO

(catching the Ferret
by the throat)
What man? Get to the point!

FERRET

All right! But you're choking
me! He is a strange warrior who
wields a mighty sword.

DROGO

A warrior?

Then, excitedly:

Hawk! The man Voltan has sworn
to kill. Quickly, where is he?

FERRET

(cautiously)
Such information would be worth
much to the right person?

Continued

124 Continued

124

As DROGO's hand strays to the sword hilt again, his voice quickens.

FERRET

Well, it didn't make much sense but as I hid in the bushes, I heard one of his men speak of a sanctuary.

DROGO

(with a wintry smile)

So he helps the sisters find my father's ransom.

The FERRET is puzzled. DROGO looks at him thoughtfully.

Now, this must stay a secret between you and me.

He pauses. He talks out loud not really seeing the FERRET.

Not only will I bring back the head of this Hawk, but I'll have the gold as well. And then, Voltan, we'll see who is the Lord of the Dance.

DROGO blinks and seems to become aware of the FERRET's presence.

You have done well telling me of this. And you will be richly rewarded. But, first, you must swear that you will tell no one of this chance remark you overheard.

As he says this, DROGO has secretly drawn his dagger and, under the pretence of whispering in the man's ear, kills him with the blade. The only sign to show that the FERRET is dead in DROGO's embrace is the way his eyes dull and go blank.

DROGO

(whispering)

Today is the day that Drogo comes of age, my father.

125 INT. BUBBLE - DAY

11

Cloak wrapped around him, VOLTAN sits near the WIZARD.

Continued

125 Continued

125

WIZARD

Has the one we seek come?

VOLTAN

Not yet; for pity's sake,
hurry; the pain grows worse.

WIZARD

(nodding his head)

The flesh does not heal. A
strange malady affects the face.
It is beyond all skill to render
a permanent cure.

VOLTAN

(vicious)

Soon my tormentor will be in my
grasp. Then shall he endure
double the pain I have suffered
these long years.

CAMERA MOVES IN CLOSE ON VOLTAN.

DISSOLVE

126 EXT. WOOD BY RIVER - DAY (FLASHBACK)

126

VOLTAN, without skull helmet, stands holding ELIANE. In
his hand he carries the cross-bow, and he lifts it and
fires. ELIANE screams.

127 ANGLE CLOSE

127

The bolt buries itself by HAWK's throat, narrowly missing
the jugular vein.

128 CAMERA WIDE

128

HAWK is blood-stained and tied to a wooden railing, a
shaft half-buried in his arm.

VOLTAN

The next one will send you to
hell, little brother. And what
sweet revenge to tell our whining,
peace-loving father about your
death. Then will he heed my
bidding.

He pulls ELIANE closer to him.

Continued

128 Continued

12

VOLTAN

(continues, gloating)

Look well, Hawk. The last thing
you will ever see is the woman
you love in my arms.

ELIANE turns on VOLTAN, trying to free herself.

ELIANE

I will still be his. For I
would rather be dead than have
your snake hands touch me. I
loathe each breath that keeps
you alive.

VOLTAN backhands her, knocking her to the ground. He slowly
loads the cross-bow, lifts it and takes aim.

129 ANGLE WIDE

12

The fallen woman, seeing the bow raised to fire, picks up
a burning brand of pitch and tar. As VOLTAN draws his arm
back, she plunges the flaming torch into his face. VOLTAN
screams as the skin starts to burn off his face.

ELIANE runs to HAWK and cuts him free. Staggering, she help
him towards a boat. VOLTAN's face is literally smouldering.
He holds it away from CAMERA. ELIANE has HAWK in the boat
and is slowly poling it away from the shore.

130 ANGLE CLOSE

13

From the back of VOLTAN's head (we do not see his face until
the end of the picture); he sees the fleeing boat, then
runs to the water's edge, taking with him the cross-bow.
ELIANE stands with her back to him. VOLTAN fires and the
arrow wings its way through the air, then slices through the
chest and heart of the woman. She falls forward and across
HAWK.

DISSOLVE

131 INT. HUT - DAY

13

The WIZARD has the crystal in his hands.

WIZARD

It is ready.

VOLTAN releases the catch holding the mask together.

132 ANGLE CLOSE

132

The back of VOLTAN's head as the crystal is put close to his face.

WIZARD

Steel yourself! The pain will be great!

A sudden blast of power tears into VOLTAN's face, tearing out the most unearthly screams from his throat.

CUT TO

133 INT. CHURCH - DAY

133

The bags of gold lie on the altar table. SISTER MONICA stands before it.

SISTER MONICA

It is truly a miracle. Our Lady is saved.

RANULF

Not yet! Hawk still believes that once the gold is given the Dark One will kill her.

SISTER MONICA

(angrily)

No, no. He gave his word. We must trust him.

HAWK moves forward from where the rest of his men wait.

HAWK

(hard)

To trust him is to trust the devil himself. We shall stay until the Abbess is safe.

SISTER MONICA

No! It will anger Voltan if he finds you here. You must go ...

HAWK

(hard)

We stay!!

SISTER MONICA unable to hide her anger storms from the Church

GORT

Our sister has great faith in Voltan's word.

Continued

133 Continued

133

HAWK

One which she may live to regret. Baldin, check if this place can be held against attack.

BALDIN goes through the side door.

After a moment he returns.

BALDIN

A small door leading to the outside. Locked, it will hold against many men. The rest is as you see.

He indicates the large room they are in.

HAWK

It will have to do.

BALDIN takes a pouch from his waist-belt and, removing something, pops it in his mouth and chews with great relish.

GORT, consumed with curiosity, approaches the dwarf.

GORT

Always stuffing yourself, but never a thought of offering your comrades anything.

BALDIN

(spasmodically
chewing)

Well - they're rather special, that's all.

GORT

Special are they? Too good to share with a friend, are they?

BALDIN

(hurriedly)

No! It's just that dwarves seem to be the only ones who appreciate the flavours of -

GORT grabs the pouch.

GORT

(roaring)

Are you insinuating that your people have better taste than mine?

Continued

133 Continued

134

He gropes in the bag and pops a "sweetmeat" in his mouth.
As he chews, BALDIN stands by placidly.

GORT
(sniffing as he
chews)
What are they? Fruit, of some
kind?

BALDIN
(laughing)
Fruit, he says!

GORT
(stopping chewing)
Well - what then?

BALDIN
(with relish)
These are the finest sugared
turkles money can buy.

GORT
(puzzled)
Turkles?

BALDIN
Yes, you lummox! Turkles! You
know - what you call them - ah -
lizards' eyeballs.

GORT mouths "lizards' eyeballs" and rushes off, a hand
clapped to his mouth.

~~RAOUL~~
~~RAOUL~~ joins BALDIN and the dwarf offers him a "sweetmeat"
from his pouch, but ~~RAOUL~~ demurs quickly.
~~RAOUL~~

BALDIN
(understanding)
Oh, you needn't worry. They're
actually sugared nuts, but if
I'd told longshanks that, this
bag would have been as empty as
his head.

CUT TO

134 EXT. FOREST - DAY

135

DROGO, with several of VOLTAN's men, makes his way through
the forest.

DISSOLVE

135 EXT. CHURCH - NIGHT

135

CROW sits on a large rock. He tends his weapons. Occasionally, he checks the surrounding forest.

CUT TO

136 INT. HUT - NIGHT

136

The WIZARD stands looking at the unconscious VOLTAN. CAMERA MOVES IN CLOSE ON his face which is covered with a dark shadow.

DISSOLVE

137 EXT. WATTLE HUT - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

137

A mass of flames consumes a hovel. VOLTAN stands before it, in one hand a bloodied sword, in the other a wailing CHILD, struggling to tear himself from VOLTAN's grasp.

CHILD

(distraught)

Father! Mother!

VOLTAN hauls the child up to face him.

VOLTAN

They are nothing! You obey me now. I am your father. Do you understand?

The SMALL BOY nods his head weakly.

DISSOLVE

138 INT. BUBBLE

13

VOLTAN gets up from the floor.

VOLTAN

How long have I been like this?

WIZARD

The effect of the crystal lasts longer each time. The sun is gone from the sky.

VOLTAN staggers to the door and leaves the hut.

CUT TO

139 EXT. CHURCH - NIGHT

139

CROW's elf ears pick up a sound we cannot hear.
He slips down from the rock and moves silently to the Church.

140 INT. CHURCH - NIGHT

140

CROW enters. The NUNS and SISTER MONICA are praying.

CROW

Armed men moving towards us.

HAWK

How many?

CROW

A dozen!

SISTER MONICA gets to her feet and crosses to HAWK.

SISTER MONICA

Please ... just give them the gold.

HAWK Sister Monica, they shall have it if the Abbess is returned they have it if the Abbess is returned. You have my word. Abbess is returned. Now, tell your sisters to go to safely their cells and stay there, until I send for them. Baldin, unlock the door!

As BALDIN does so, SISTER MONICA tells the NUNS to leave. He stands at the back of the church hidden by the altar. As the nuns hurry from the church, GORT, BALDIN, RANULF and CROW take up various advantageous positions. The doors of the church burst open. DROGO with his men enter. They are confronted by HAWK who appears to be on his own.

HAWK

That's far enough. State your business.

DROGO

You know my business. I am Drogo, son of Voltan! I come for the gold.

He indicates the bags on the altar table.

HAWK

The gold will be given when the Abbess is returned. Tell Voltan it is here waiting.

Continued

140 Continued

140

DROGO's temper flares.

DROGO

I did not make myself clear. I came for the gold. I am no messenger, but I will give you a message - a message of death!

DROGO charges like a bull. His men follow; although they outnumber HAWK and the others two to one, they are no match. Three go down to a hail of death from CROW, two are counted against RANULF's crossbow, two are smashed by GORT's weapon of doom. Three more are lashed by the DWARF's whip. HAWK slays two and is faced by DROGO. The SON OF VOLTAN puts up a brave fight, but is mortally wounded by HAWK. The fight is over. HAWK turns to two of VOLTAN'S MEN who, though wounded, can still stand.

HAWK

(indicating DROGO)

Take him to Voltan. Tell him Hawk waits for the Abbess to be returned!

The TWO SOLDIERS pick up DROGO and leave the church. As they exit, SISTER MONICA rushes forward.

SISTER MONICA

(angrily)

Why did you not give him the gold? That is all he wanted, now you will bring the wrath of the dark one on us all.

GORT

He came for the gold and Hawk. If he had got them your Lady would not have lived beyond the dawn, and this church would have been burnt to the ground.

SISTER MONICA

I asked you to give them the gold. They would have returned the Abbess and left us in peace.

CROW, not one to speak, lifts his head.

CROW

The peace of the dead, sister.

He extracts his spent arrows from the bodies of Drogo's men.

CUT TO

141 EXT. VOLTAN'S CAMP - DAY

141

TWO MEN stagger in carrying DROGO. VOLTAN leaps to his feet and, taking his son in his arms, lays him on a fur covered pallet. DROGO opens his eyes.

DROGO

I wanted to ... prove myself ...
Hawk ...

The sound of HAWK's name snaps VOLTAN alert.

VOLTAN

Hawk!! Where???

DROGO

He helps the nuns ...
The gold is in the church ...
I tried to ...

A rattle in his throat cuts off the last words as he dies. VOLTAN stares down at his dead son. He turns to the two men then speaks:

VOLTAN

(to one of his men)
Give them weapons. It is fitting
my son dies with dogs at his feet.

The two men look unsteadily at one another. They know how good VOLTAN is. They are given a sword apiece. They stand immobile.

VOLTAN

Fight or I'll cut you down where
you stand.

The two men hold their weapons loosely.

142 ANGLE VOLTAN

142

Stands with his arms folded across his chest.

143 ANGLE TWO MEN

143

The fact that VOLTAN's sword is still sheathed gives the men courage. Maybe they have a chance. One begins to circle VOLTAN while the other stands where he is. The 2nd soldier finally stands behind VOLTAN.

144 ANGLE CLOSE

144

VOLTAN still stands with his arms folded.

145 ANGLE CLOSE 145

1ST MAN seeing his comrade behind VOLTAN smiles.

146 ANGLE CLOSE 146

2ND MAN tightens his grip on the sword's leather handle.

147 ANGLE WIDE 147

The two men charge forward. A dagger thrown with incredible speed takes the 1ST MAN in the throat. VOLTAN spins, sword now in his hand, to face the 2ND MAN, who has checked his forward rush on seeing his comrade killed so easily.

VOLTAN

(drily)

Has your courage deserted you
so soon?

The MAN's face is filled with terror and he drops the sword.

VOLTAN

Pick it up!!

148 ANGLE CLOSE 148

The 2ND MAN, his face pouring with sweat, backs away from it.

149 ANGLE VOLTAN 149

He re-sheathes his sword.

150 ANGLE WIDE 150

The 2ND MAN starts to run.

151 ANGLE VOLTAN 151

Watching him.

152 ANGLE WIDE 152

The 2ND MAN running.

153 ANGLE WIDE 153

VOLTAN pulls a spear from the ground and in the same

153 Continued

153

movement hurls it at the fleeing Man. The speeding spear makes a sound like a hiss of a snake, then plunges into the Man's back, sending him spinning to the ground.

154 INT. CHURCH - NIGHT

154

HAWK and his comrades sit at a table eating. The big doors are barred.

HAWK

Voltan will be here soon. ~~He~~
~~knows we have the gold. The~~
~~death of Drogo will make him want~~
~~me even more.~~

The gold is here. I am here

GORT, who has been devouring a chicken, turns to the LITTLE NUN who is always in attendance on him and smiles at her. The LITTLE NUN smiles back at him and pours him more wine.

CUT TO

155 EXT. SKY - NIGHT

155

The full moon spreads its silvery light over the forest.

CUT TO

156 EXT. FOREST - DAY

156

A funeral pyre has been built in a clearing. DROGO lies on top and, at his feet, the two men killed by VOLTAN.

157 CAMERA CLOSE

157

As a burning torch is thrust into the wood.

158 ANGLE WIDE

158

VOLTAN stands alone before the burning pyre. CAMERA HOLDS as the flames lick higher and higher. CAMERA MOVES CLOSE ON VOLTAN and HOLDS for a few seconds. Then VOLTAN turns and walks to his tethered horse. He mounts, then rides slowly into the darkness.

CUT TO

159 INT. CHURCH - NIGHT

159

The doors barred. Just one candle burns, sending dancing shadows across the high stone walls. HAWK and his men wait.

CUT TO

160 EXT. FOREST - NIGHT

160

Nothing. Just the thud, thud, of horses' hooves. Then, from out of the darkness, VOLTAN appears. O.S. the death cry of a small animal.

CUT TO

161 INT. CHURCH - NIGHT

161

CROW looks up from his bow to listen.

CROW

One man - on a horse.

The WARRIORS grab their weapons and stand at the ready.

~~HAWK~~
Sister Monica, ~~be ready~~
I will go.

SISTER MONICA fidgets nervously.

CUT TO

162 EXT. CHURCH - NIGHT

162

VOLTAN pulls his horse up in the shadow of a tree. For a moment he sits, then speaks:

VOLTAN

(loudly)

This is Voltan. I have words
for you.

CUT TO

163 INT. CHURCH - NIGHT

163

HAWK beckons SISTER MONICA forward. GORT unbars the massive doors and opens them a crack.

CUT TO

164 EXT. CHURCH - NIGHT

164

SISTER MONICA steps out into the moonlight to face VOLTAN, whom she cannot see.

VOLTAN

I know you hide the one called Hawk behind your doors. Hear me and hear me well. Tomorrow, when the moon is high, I shall return. Hawk and the gold will be given to me or you shall have your Lady back with her innards tied around her scrawny neck, and this place will be wiped from the face of the land.

VOLTAN turns the horse and walks it back into the forest. SISTER MONICA hurries back inside.

CUT TO

165 INT. CHURCH - NIGHT

165

GORT rebars the doors. SISTER MONICA, white-faced, turns on Hawk.

SISTER MONICA

This is your fault. We'll all die because you killed his son!!

RANULF tries to intervene.

RANULF

There would have been no ransom gold if it hadn't been for Hawk!

SISTER MONICA

And it should have been paid. But no! We must suffer because of your quarrel with this man!

She turns angrily and storms from the room. For a moment all is silent. HAWK stands before the huge wooden cross. CAMERA MOVES INTO his iris.

DISSOLVE

166 EXT. WATER EDGE - DAY (FLASHBACK)

166

HAWK carries ELIANE in his arms. Gently, he lays her in some soft grass. She smiles weakly at him.

HAWK
I'll ride for help.

She puts a hand out, stopping him.

ELIANE
No, beloved ... there is not time.

A shaft of pain makes her gasp for breath.

ELIANE
(continues)
Voltan goes to destroy your father. You must go ...

HAWK
Eliane, Eliane - I cannot leave you!

ELIANE no longer hears Hawk's words; her eyes have closed in death. HAWK pulls her to him and gently rocks her.

HAWK
(raging)
Voltan ... VOLTAN!

DISSOLVE

167 INT. CHURCH - NIGHT

167

RANULF breaks HAWK from his reverie.

RANULF
Don't think too badly of them. They're only frightened and confused.

GORT
They blame you for our coming.

RANULF
(simply)
I know.

Continued

167 Continued

167

CROW

What are we to do, Hawk?

HAWK

Voltan will kill the Abbess
as he says, and will not stop
from razing this place to the
ground even if I were to give
myself up. To try and fight
would be futile. He has too
many men!
*we are few + Voltan has too many
men.*

GORT chuckles.

GORT

If you're getting stung by
wasps, you can either cover
up your head, or you can search
for their nest and destroy it.

As he finishes, he crushes the earthenware mug he has
been holding.

HAWK

Then let us find ourselves a
~~wasps~~ nest and bring the odds
in our favour. Crow, go and
find the old woman. Tell
her that I need her help once
more.

CROW nods and leaves the church.

168 EXT. FOREST - DAY

168

CROW moves like the wind through the forest.

DISSOLVE

169 EXT. CHASM - DUSK

169

CROW leaps across a space that only an elf could cross.

DISSOLVE

170 INT. CHURCH - NIGHT

1

A pounding at the door brings GORT to his feet.

GORT unbars the doors letting the WOMAN and CROW in.

HAWK

Woman, we need the use of
your magic.

171 EXT. FOREST - DAWN

1

HAWK with the WOMAN lead the rest of the men
quietly through the forest.

172 EXT. FOREST AND VOLTAN'S CAMP - DAWN

1

CROW looks down at the camp. A few sleepy sentries
stand around a newly-lit fire.

173 EXT. FOREST - DAWN

1

CROW joins HAWK and the others.

CROW

There is no sign of the
Abbess.

HAWK

She must be there !

He moves forward, followed by the others, then
turns to the WOMAN. She is mixing several of her
powders together.

WOMAN

I am ready, but it will not
last long.

She applies the staff to the powders.

174 INSERT

1

Blast of power.

175 BACK TO SCENE

1

Instantly, great billows of smoke pour away in the
direction of Voltan's camp.

176 EXT. VOLTAN'S CAMP - DAY

176

The smoke drifts in great clouds. CROW and RANULF dispatch the sentries with their arrows. The last to die lets out a blood curdling scream, alerting the whole camp. As men race from their tents, they are met with a hail of death from unseen archers. GORT ploughs into several men who are confused by the smoke. BALDIN's whip strangles and tears. HAWK deals out death left and right as he makes his way to VOLTAN's tent.

CUT TO

177 INT. VOLTAN'S TENT - DAY

177

The flap of the tent billows open as HAWK enters. He stops at what he sees.

178 POV

178

VOLTAN has his dagger pressed tight to the ABBESS' throat.

VOLTAN

One more step and her throat will be slit.

The two men stand deadlocked. RANULF enters.

RANULF

(hurriedly)

The smoke thins, we must go!!
We have done enough!

HAWK slowly backs out of the tent.

179 EXT. VOLTAN'S CAMP - DAY

179

The smoke is diminishing fast; although many of VOLTAN'S MEN lie dead, the rest still outnumber HAWK'S CONTINGENT by two to one. HAWK with the others fight their way out of camp.

180 EXT. FOREST - DAY

180

HAWK and the others make their way back to the church. The old woman is no longer with them.

DISSOLVE

181 INT. CHURCH - NIGHT

181

HAWK'S MEN are being tended to for minor wounds.

Continued

181 Continued

181

HAWK

They will come soon enough.
Let us rest. This is where the
final struggle will be.

SISTER MONICA, who is close by, reacts to HAWK's last words.

182 EXT. CHURCH - NIGHT

182

SISTER MONICA slips out of a side door and heads into
the forest.

CUT TO

183 INT. VOLTAN'S TENT - NIGHT

183

VOLTAN sits deep in thought, his sword resting across
his knees. A soldier enters, pushing SISTER MONICA
before him. In b.g. we see the ABBESS in a cage.

VOLTAN

Why have you come ?

SISTER MONICA

I have a plan that will gain
you the ransom ... and Hawk.
(rushes on emotionally)
I ask only that you spare the
Abbess and the church.

ABBESS

Sister, I forbid you to speak
further.

SISTER MONICA

I must. Your life and the Church
are all that matter.

ABBESS

The end cannot justify the means.

SISTER MONICA

(dully)
Then let tomorrow be the judge
of my actions.

VOLTAN

Enough !
(leans forward)
Tell me the plan.

CUT TO

184 INT. CHURCH - NIGHT

18

SISTER MONICA has returned. Her absence has not
been noticed.

HAWK

Baldin, make sure all doors are
barred, ~~although I don't think~~
~~we will be visited by Voltan until dawn.~~

BALDIN checks the main door then goes through the side door.
The LITTLE NUN brings GORT a large loaf of black bread and
a hunk of cheese.

GORT
Thank you, little sister. A
little snack before I retire!
Perfect!

HAWK sits with CROW.

CROW
We have sat waiting like this
many times before. Sometimes
I tire of the fighting and
killing. At night, I hear the
call of my race. They wait for
me. Once I join them we will be
forgotten.

HAWK
No, ~~Crow~~, your people will never
be forgotten, nor will Gort's or
Baldin's. They were here long
before the race of men came and
brought their wars and disease
amongst you. ~~And their legends
will remain long after men have
left the land.~~

At that moment, BALDIN enters through the side door.

BALDIN
All is secure. It would take
a thousand men to enter here
now.

HAWK
Good! Gort, you take the
first watch.

GORT nods. The other men settle down to sleep. RANULF
places the crossbow close to him, then covers himself.

DISSOLVE

185 INT. CHURCH - NIGHT

185

GORT stands on guard.

186 ANGLE CLOSE

186

SISTER MONICA with a jug of beer drops a small amount of
powder into it. She walks over to GORT.

Continued

186 Continued

186

SISTER MONICA
To warm you against the night
air.

She hands the jug to GORT.

GORT
(sniffs)
Beer!! And by the smell of
it, a fine brew. My thanks,
sister, you and your ladies have
been most generous.

On the last word, GORT lifts the jug to his mouth and swallows
the contents in one go.

GORT
(smacking his lips)
Excellent.

He gives the empty jug to SISTER MONICA who stands holding
it. For a second, nothing appears to happen then, suddenly,
GORT collapses to the ground. Quickly, SISTER MONICA
crosses to the two huge doors and unbars them.

The doors open fully. VOLTAN with the remainder of his men
move silently into the room.

VOLTAN close to HAWK, kicks him, and he wakes to see VOLTAN.

VOLTAN
Great warrior you may be, but
against so many swords at your
throat, I fear the fight would
be short.

The other men have been wakened and realise their position
is hopeless.

HAWK looks to where GORT lies drugged.

VOLTAN
A little help from the good
sister here.

SSO

HAWK looks hard at SISTER MONICA who averts her eyes.

VOLTAN
Tie them up.

SISTER MONICA rushes up to VOLTAN:

SISTER MONICA
I kept my side of the bargain.
You said no blood would be spilt
within the church.

Continued

VOLTAN turns and puts his arm around SISTER MONICA drawing her close.

VOLTAN

Unfortunately, you will not live long enough to realise your mistake.

VOLTAN's dagger as it is pushed into SISTER MONICA's heart. HAWK and his men are tied to separate pillars. VOLTAN stands before HAWK.

VOLTAN

First you took the woman I loved; then you slew my son. Your death will be slow and painful, as will be your friends'. You shall know what I have suffered through the years with a face that no woman would look upon - forcing me to take another man's child to call my own!!

HAWK

(wearily)

She wanted to be your friend because you were my brother. You say you loved her yet you caused her and our father to die.

VOLTAN hits HAWK across the mouth.

VOLTAN

Enough!! Where is the gold?

HAWK

Where you will never find it.

VOLTAN

Dear brother, I think you and your friends can be persuaded to tell me.

HAWK

They don't know. Only I can tell you where it is.

Continued

187 Continued

187

VOLTAN

Well, then, they shall watch
you suffer, and when I'm
finished, they will accompany
you down the river of death.

He turns to two of his men.

Fetch me fire.

The two men exit. VOLTAN turns to the remaining nuns.

VOLTAN

Bring all the wine and food
from your stores, counter of
beads. I have thirsty work
ahead.

Several of the nuns hurry out of the side door. VOLTAN
moves close to inspect CROW.

VOLTAN

Little men with nimble fingers.
I shall trim them for you
later.

CROW spits into VOLTAN's face and receives a vicious blow
to the head for his efforts. VOLTAN moves on to GORT:

VOLTAN

The giant felled by a pinch
of powder. You shall give us
great sport before you die.

GORT

I shall give you a crushed head
if I get my hands free.

VOLTAN moves on towards RANULF.

VOLTAN

We have met before. That time
I let you live. You used your
second life well - by fetching
my saintly brother. Now, your
use to me is at an end.

VOLTAN stands before BALDIN.

VOLTAN

(contemptuously)

The dwarf! You should never
have been allowed to dig yourself
from the earth.

Continued

At that moment, two MEN carrying a hot brazier enter.

VOLTAN

(to the Men)

Go and bring the Abbess here.
It is fitting that such a
holy woman be present to give
them absolution when they die.

The brazier stands before HAWK. VOLTAN takes his
dagger from its sheath and starts to heat it in
the red hot fire.

VOLTAN

See how it glows, brother.
Soon you will feel its touch
and together we shall seek out
the hiding place of the gold.

He lifts the now red hot dagger from the fire and
tests it.

BALDIN

Leave him, skull face ! I can
tell you where the gold is
hidden.

VOLTAN crosses to him with the blazing dagger.

VOLTAN

Speak then, misshapen one.

BALDIN

It is buried in ...

His voice drops in volume and he cannot be heard.
VOLTAN moves closer and bends.

VOLTAN

Where ... ?

BALDIN

(snarling)

Here !

At the last line, BALDIN lashes out with his feet
and kicks VOLTAN in the mask. VOLTAN goes down
screaming with pain. He staggers to and fro. The
NUNS bringing the wine stand transfixed at the
unearthly screams that come from VOLTAN. VOLTAN
plunges the dagger into BALDIN's chest. A cry of
anguish rings out from HAWK's mouth.

Continued

187 Continued

187

HAWK
 Voltan! Hear me! You will
 die by my hand! I swear! I
 swear!

But VOLTAN is in too great pain to hear HAWK as he rushes
 from the church.

VOLTAN
 (in great pain,
 to his men)
 Guard them!

The NUNS have placed pitchers of wine on the altar table.
 Several of the soldiers start to drink heavily from
 them. Other Nuns arrive with platters filled with food.

188 ANGLE CLOSE

188

BALDIN lets out a weak sigh.

HAWK
 He still lives. We must get
 free.

CUT TO

189 INT. BUBBLE - NIGHT

189

VOLTAN, clutching his head, stands before the WIZARD.

VOLTAN
 Quick, the crystal! The pain
 is great.

WIZARD
 Has he been found?

VOLTAN
 Yes, yes. He dies this very
 night.
 (gasps)
 The pain! Quickly!

The WIZARD slowly extends the crystal towards his face.

CUT TO

190 INT. CHURCH - NIGHT

190

VOLTAN'S MEN have drunk and eaten themselves to sleep.
 Only two remain awake on guard. GORT tests his bands
 but finds no give in them.

Continued

190 Continued

190

GORT
(softly)
Mine are as immovable as yours.

HAWK
(softly)
If we are not free of these
bonds before Voltan returns we
will not see tomorrow's sun!

191 ANGLE DOORS

191

They creak open a fraction. The Old Woman's black rod pokes through and moves erratically about. The TWO GUARDS look at one another, puzzled, and at the same time curious. They move to the doors to inspect the strange object.

The rod emits a crackle of energy and a black web of spidery filaments engulfs both Men until they are imprisoned in a strait-jacket of finely spun, steel-like fibres.

The door opens further and the cloaked figure of the Old Woman slips into the church. Although blind, she is sure-footed and walks straight to HAWK.

OLD WOMAN
You have need of my help, Lord.

HAWK
It seems you have been looking
into your fire of magic, Mother.

She cackles and pulls a dagger from her cloak.

OLD WOMAN
Go quickly. Voltan's men return
with the Abbess; also the Dark
One will not be at his ministrings
long.

She cuts HAWK's bands, who in turn frees his companions. They pick up their weapons and strap them on.

GORT lifts the lightly-breathing body of BALDIN in his arms and carries him from the church.

CUT TO

192 EXT. FOREST - DAY

192

The OLD WOMAN bends over BALDIN who lies on a bed of ferns.
She stands and walks to HAWK and the others.

OLD WOMAN

Even my arts cannot save him.
He waits at the gate of death.

HAWK and the others cross to BALDIN and gather round him.
The DWARF's eyes flicker open.

BALDIN

I am sorry not to be with you
for the final fight ...

He falters for a moment.

I die as I wanted. Among my
friends ...

The DWARF's eyes cloud as he dies.

DISSOLVE

193 EXT. FOREST - DAY

193

HAWK, RANULF, GORT and CROW stand by a mound of stones:
the burial place of Baldin. The OLD WOMAN sprinkles dust
over it, then points the staff. The energy from it burns
the powder into a solid cocoon.

OLD WOMAN

This will protect the grave
from beasts who would disturb it.
The dwarf shall sleep peacefully.

RANULF

What now, Hawk?

HAWK

(hard)
Now I go to revenge my friend
and pay a debt long overdue.

GORT

Me too.

CROW

And I

RANULF

I am with you but how do we
get back into the church.

The OLD WOMAN looks up.

Continued

193 Continued

193

OLD WOMAN
I shall give you the way.

CUT TO

194 EXT. FOREST - NIGHT

194

HAWK and his MEN, followed by the OLD WOMAN move silently through the forest.

CUT TO

195 EXT. CHURCH - NIGHT

195

The OLD WOMAN has spread a line of fine powder along the bottom of the big doors. She turns to the waiting men, and hands them some salve.

OLD WOMAN
Put this around your eyes. It
will protect you.

The MEN start to put the salve on.

The smoke will burn their eyes
while you will see clearly.
But it will only last but a
short time.

The MEN have finished. The OLD WOMAN lifts the iron staff and lets its power flow. The powder smoulders and crackles. The OLD WOMAN stands back.

CUT TO

196 INT. CHURCH - NIGHT

196

The ABBESS kneels in an abject pose before a seated VOLTAN, whose hands clench and unclench in anger. Behind him her NUNS, with the exception of the LITTLE NUN, stand on an altar table, hands tied behind their backs. A noose is around each neck and the ropes strain upward to the rafter beams.

ABBESS
I beseech you once more. Release
my sisters.

VOLTAN
(hissing angrily)
If Hawk is not in my hands by dawn,
they will die and I will tear this
sanctuary down, stone by stone.
Pray hard, woman, that he may hear
you.

197 ANGLE CLOSE

197

With a stupendous roar, an explosion rips the great doors back on their hinges and a yellow cloud of smoke billows into the church. VOLTAN'S MEN start to cough and tears stream from their eyes. HAWK'S MEN charge in.

During this last, final battle, the four men start off with the aid of the smoke and many men fall, but as the smoke disappears, they are separated and fight pockets of resistance on their own.

CROW's and RANULF's incredible speed with the bow and crossbow take enormous toll of the enemy, but eventually first one arrow gets through and spears CROW on the thigh, and then another in the arm until he sinks to the ground badly wounded.

Weakly, CROW looks over to where RANULF, now out of bolts, fights on using his crossbow like a club.

CROW
(haltingly)
You fight well, old man ...

CROW's head dips down in defeat.

RANULF suddenly sees something o.s. which catches his attention.

198 ANGLE

198

VOLTAN is urging some of his men to take the ABBESS to safety through the side door.

VOLTAN
Take her to safety. I may yet
need her.

FOUR MEN are assigned and one of them pulls on the rope tied to the ABBESS' wrists and tugs her to the small side door.

199 ANGLE CLOSE

199

RANULF has seen this and shouts to HAWK.

RANULF
Hawk! The Abbess! They're
taking her -

As he points, his words are stopped in his mouth as a javelin buries itself in his chest. He sinks to the floor, his mouth frozen in the shape of his last word.

200 POV

200

HAWK through the swirling smoke. HAWK sees the ABBESS being pulled to the side door and, cutting down the man who stands in his way, darts from the church through the open front doorway.

201 ANGLE CLOSE

201

GORT's hammer can take out three men at a time, and he can use his bare fists just as well. He picks up a wooden pallet and crushes his hapless victims against the church wall.

However, one of VOLTAN'S MEN seizes his chance and runs at GORT's undefended back.

The LITTLE NUN, realising his danger, rushes to throw herself to protect him - to be struck mortally by the ASSAILANT's blow.

GORT wheels and a cry of anguish bursts from his lips. Whirling, he picks up the ASSAILANT and, holding him aloft, breaks his back as though he were a dry twig.

GORT kneels and cradles the LITTLE NUN, now a tiny, broken figure in his arms.

GORT

Little lady - sweet little lady.

His head droops in sadness as sobs rack his massive frame, and at that precise moment VOLTAN appears behind him and cold-bloodedly sends him reeling into unconsciousness with a flat-bladed blow from his sword.

202 EXT. CHURCH SIDE DOOR

202

The FOUR MEN drag the ABBESS from the side door. Suddenly they are confronted by HAWK. They draw their swords. There is a moment of indecision and then, in a blur of movement, the FOUR MEN die on the point of HAWK's sword. The ABBESS' eyes are still wide-open as HAWK slices through her bonds, increasing the shock of her release even more.

HAWK

Find the Old Woman. She will help you.

HAWK goes to return to the sanctuary. The ABBESS watches him go, still speechless.

Continued

202 Continued

202

The smoke still billows round the doorway of the church as HAWK appears. Sword in hand, he is silhouetted in the opening.

HAWK
Voltan! Voltan!

The word echoes around the arching vaults of the church which is now silent and empty of smoke.

VOLTAN sits before the altar table on which the terrified NUNS stand. CHAK waits, ready to knock the table over and thus effectively hang the poor unfortunate Nuns.

To one side, a bloodied and half-senseless GORT is suspended by his hands on two ropes from a high wooden crossbar. Another GUARD watches over him, sword pressed to his heart.

The figure of HAWK slowly advances and halts a short distance in front of VOLTAN.

VOLTAN
Now, Hawk. This is the moment of my revenge. On my command I will hang them all and your friend will have his heart skewered.

HAWK
(through clenched teeth)
What do you want, Voltan?

VOLTAN
You!! Always you!

HAWK
Let the sisters and Gort go free, and I shall be your prisoner.

VOLTAN
(with venom)
You still don't understand, Hawk. You are in no position to bargain. Throw down your sword. Now!

HAWK slowly and unwillingly lets the great sword fall to the ground.

VOLTAN
(continues)
And your vestment.

Stony-faced, HAWK removes his chain-mail vest.

Continued

202 Continued

202

GORT
(weakly)

No!!!

HAWK now stands naked to the waist.

VOLTAN fingers his knife.

VOLTAN
If you have a God to pray to,
pray to him now.

His eerie laugh floats across to HAWK who takes off his crucifix and, quietly, as if in defeat and prayer, sinks on one knee.

203 ANGLE CLOSE

203

VOLTAN cannot take his eyes off the crucifix.

DISSOLVE

204 EXT. RIVER - DAY (FLASHBACK)

204

HAWK'S WOMAN, the same crucifix around her neck.

DISSOLVE

205 INT. CHURCH - NIGHT

205

VOLTAN stares at the crucifix in HAWK's hands.

VOLTAN
(hissing)
Enough! You have prayed
enough.

206 ANGLE CLOSE

206

The crucifix in HAWK's hands. He unlocks a secret catch, springing a thin blade out of the longer end of the cross. One dagger and three targets: The hangman by the altar table, the man standing guard over GORT - or VOLTAN himself. Time seems suspended.

HAWK
Gort!

He speeds the crucifix knife to cut one of GORT's bonds. GORT's free hand can now reach his hammer. With one fluid movement, he sends it straight at CHAK. The blow lifts

Continued

206 Continued

206

the man bodily off his feet and hurtles him against the stone wall. The Warrior guarding Cort raises his sword but is smashed by the giant's mighty fist.

Voltan rushes at Hawk.

207 ANGLE CLOSE

207

Hawk's eyes.

208 ANGLE CLOSE

208

The mind-stone pulsing.

209 BACK TO SCENE

209

Hawk's sword appears in his hands.

210 ANGLE CLOSE

210

Voltan, his red eyes glowing.

211 ANGLE CLOSE

211

Hawk, watching Voltan intently.

VOLTAN

Ten thousand times have I
dreamed of killing you
slowly and painfully.
A great pity that you have
to die - quickly !

212 ANGLE WIDE

212

In a blur, VOLTAN's dagger flashes towards HAWK.
HAWK's sword deflects the weapon.

VOLTAN

The game is ended.

Both men move like panthers. But the fight is of lightning speed; finally HAWK's sword slips through VOLTAN's web of steel and plunges under his breastbone and straight out the other side.

VOLTAN lurches aimlessly about, the vaulted ceiling of the church revolving, and a tired but icy HAWK regarding him. CAMERA MOVES IN on the dying eyes.

DISSOLVE

213 INT. ROUGH-HEWN STONE CHAMBER (FLASHBACK)

213

VOLTAN'S FATHER lies before him (as earlier scene)

OLD MAN

(beyond resistance)

Voltan, you ceased being my son
the day you spilt the blood of
innocents ... I curse you this
day to die a thousand deaths,
and for your soul never to find
peace.

DISSOLVE

214 INT. CHURCH

214

VOLTAN crumples to the ground face down. With a last gasp of energy he tries to push himself up and the movement tears the mask from his face as he rolls onto his back.

VOLTAN

(weakly)

Brother ...

HAWK kneels by his dying brother's side.

215 ANGLE CLOSE

215

The lower part of the face and neck is fused into a blackened mess, covered with weeping, gangrenous sores.

216 ANGLE WIDE

216

Hawk sees the horror expressionlessly.

VOLTAN

Brother ... I shall wait for
you at the gates of Hell !

217 INT. CHURCH

217

VOLTAN lies dead. HAWK looks up at GORT, one arm
still tightly bound.

HAWK

Gort -

HAWK moves forward and cuts GORT's bonds. He
helps the NUNS down, then turns to GORT.

HAWK

(continues)

The others -

GORT

Ranulf is dead ! And Crow
barely lives.

DISSOLVE

218 EXT. CHURCH - DAY

218

CROW, wan and heavily-bandaged, leans on the arms of
TWO NUNS. GORT and HAWK are preparing to mount
their horses and leave. The ABBESS watches them.

ABBESS

Your friend will soon recover
his strength.

A cloud passes over her face.

But I grieve for the others
who died.

HAWK

I know you will see that they
rest well.

The ABBESS nods her head. GORT is about to mount his
horse when one of the other NUNS stops him. She hands
him a bag of food and a skin of wine. GORT smiles in
thanks at the NUN, who hurries to rejoin her sisters.

219 C.U. GORT'S FACE

219

As he remembers another little Nun.

220 WIDE ANGLE

220

HAWK has turned over a large stone next to the church
to reveal the sacks of gold. He gives them to GORT
to load on his horse.

Continued

220 Continued

220

GORT

There's a lot of eating and
drinking money here, my friend.
I don't suppose we ...

HAWK looks at him and shakes his head, smiling.

They move away on horseback.

221 INT. CHURCH - DAY

221

The dead from the battle are laid out for burial. All is silent. Then, from nothing, a pool of stygian blackness appears - from out of which glides the skeletal figure of the WIZARD. It stops before one of the covered bodies. Magically the cover is thrown aside, revealing the body of VOLTAN.

WIZARD

We have further use for you,
Dark One!

The WIZARD effortlessly lifts VOLTAN's body and glides back into the darkness which folds in behind him.

DISSOLVE

222 EXT. FORTRESS - DAY (MATTE SHOT)

The sun shines brighter than it did before.

CUT TO

223 INT. HIGH ABBOT'S ROOM - DAY

The HIGH ABBOT stands before HAWK and GORT.

HIGH ABBOT

My heart is heavy at the loss of
your friends. It was a high
price to pay.

HAWK

The price is always high.

He gives the ABBOT the gold.

Use it well.

HIGH ABBOT

(nods gravely)
Where will you go now, Lord
Hawk?

Continued

223 Continued

223

HAWK

Gort rides north. As for me ...

He shrugs.

GORT

Yes, I've heard talk of fat
barons with great stores of
winter food and wine to protect.
It would seem I am the man for
that work.

The HIGH ABBOT allows himself a small laugh.

HIGH ABBOT

May God go with you. 650

HAWK and GORT turn and leave.

224 EXT. FOREST CROSSROADS - DAY

224

HAWK and GORT stand at the crossroads. They clasp one
another by the forearm. Suddenly, out in front of them
shuffles the OLD WOMAN.

OLD WOMAN

The Dark One is no more!!

HAWK

(starkly)

Yes, Mother, he is gone ...

She stands by the horses for a while, then speaks:

OLD WOMAN

Black Wizards gather in the
south ... Follow your destiny.

HAWK turns to GORT and looks at him.

GORT

When you get that look in your
face -

HAWK

You did say south, Mother?

GORT

(sighing)

Who wants to work with fat old
barons anyway? South it is!

Continued

224 Continued

224

OLD WOMAN
We shall meet again!

Without appearing to move, the OLD WOMAN is gone.
The two riders spur their horses on as the shrill cry of
a hawk rings out.

THE END